

# *The last* TRUMPET:

OR,

A Six-Fold Christian Dialogue.

*Viz.*

- 1 Betweene *Death*, the *Flesh*, and the *Soule*.
- 2 Betweene the *Devell*, the *Flesh*, and the *World*.
- 3 Betweene *Man* and his *Conscience*.
- 4 Betweene *Conscience*, *Sinne*, and *Man*.
- 5 Betweene *God* and the *Soule*.
- 6 Betweene the *Soule* and the *City of God*.

Translated from the elegant Latine Prose  
of RICHARD BATHVVAIT Esquire,  
into English Verse,

BY  
JOHN VICARS.

---

*Arise yee dead, and come to judgement.*

*Hor. de Arte Poetica.*  
*Decies repetita placebit.*

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LONDON,

Printed by Thomas Harper, for Robert Bostocke, and  
are to be sold at his shop in Pauls Church-yard,  
at the signe of the Kings Head, 1635.

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and



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To b  
For n

(4) The Last Trumpet - Translated  
into English verse, by John Vicar  
of Ric. Brackwaite Esq:

TO THE RIGHT  
Worshipfull, his ever most highly  
honoured good friend, Sir VVALTER  
PIE, Attourney Generall of the Court of Wards,  
and to his truely vertuous and religious Consort,  
the Lady HESTER PIE, 7. V. most Cor-  
dially wisheth the Kingdome of Grace  
here, and the Kingdome of  
glory hereafter.

*Right Worshipfull,*



MY thankful thoughts long wandring,  
seriously,  
Which way I might my gratefull  
heart apply,  
Fully and fitly to expresse & show  
The infinite perpetuall debt I owe  
To both your Worships and your Families,  
For many free and friendly courtesies

To me and mine : In ſtept this little Booke,  
And my deſire t'accompliſh undertooke.  
Vpon which proffer, promptly I laid hold,  
And moſt reſpectively have (thus) made bold  
To dedicate both It and my poore All  
To both your Worſhips due memoriall :  
Both, as a Symbooll of my ſincere heart  
Obliged by indelible deſert;  
As alſo, that like *Philips* little Lad,  
This Trumpet may ſound a Memento giad  
Vnto your Wor. Soules with comfort ſweet,  
Here, to prepare with God in Chriſt to meet,  
To ſhake off all earths clogs and Remora's  
Which hurt or hinder us with dull delayes,  
From running (here) our race with patience,  
From winning the reward of recompence.  
In both which bound reſpects, I humbly pray  
That this my little Tra&, *Laſt Trumpet* may  
Sound ſweetly in your Worſhips cares & minde,  
And friendly favour and acceptance finde,  
To'r'd him, who ever, ev'ry way is bound  
To you and yours to reſt and to be found

*Your good Wor. in all obſequious  
obſervance to be commanded.*

JOHN VICARS.





To the Worshipfull, his very  
worthy and most ingenious and ingenu-  
ous learned and religious Author, RICHARD  
BRATHVVAIT Esquire. 7. V. witheth all true  
holinesse and happinesse, here and  
hereafter.

Most worthy Sir,



*Hen first by happy chance I cast my sight  
Vpon the sparkling lustre, beauty bright  
Of your rich jewell lockt-up & enclos'd  
In a neat Cabinet: I, strait suppos'd  
It was great pittie, such a pretty jemme  
Should be shut up from publike view  
of them*

*Who could not with the Latine Key unlocke  
Your Casket, and partake of your rich stocke.  
It therefore have (most worthy Sir) made bold  
To ope the Locke, lay ope your jemme of gold,  
To every gracious eye and godly minde  
That in such Jewels can pure pleasure finde:*

*And, thus with my weake breath your Trump to sound  
In a knowne tone, whose eccho might rebound,  
And on the hearers hearts reverberate  
To minde their present and their future state.  
And (hence) I must ingenuously confesse,  
I primely should and would the same addresse  
Vnto your worthy-selves sole acceptation  
Were I not bound by most strict obligation  
To those my honour'd friends forementioned  
By cords of many favours thereto led.  
But next to them, accept, I humbly pray  
This borrowed-light from your suns lustrous ray;  
These bubling streames, weake straines that have their  
From your full fount, as tribute to your ocean. (motion,  
In confidence of which great courtesie  
Thereof perswaded, by your piety,  
Praying your Worship may be aye possesse  
Of all true holy, happy joyes; I rest,*

Your good Worships in his best

poore services to be commanded,

*Iohn Vicars.*



Authoris opinio de Interprete suo.



*X eo quod legi, te de Hippocreni altiùs  
ebibisse collegi. Optandum est, quod  
Heliconiades nostri in hisce oleam  
operamque studiosè impenderent, quo  
apud posteros feliciora Minervæ mo-  
numenta relinquant. Interim, quæ  
primum conscripsi & edidi (modò Superiorum autori-  
tas ijs suffragetur) ingenuè approbo, eo scilicet more,  
quo tu integre transtulisti.*

Ingenij titulum meruit, mihi crede, perennem,

Qui cupit ingenio sacra levare suo.

Hoc tibi VICARIUS fecit; Musisque peregit

Officium vatis: dulce poema suis.



Imprimatur, S. A. BAKER.

April 14. 1635.

2

A

Deat

Fleß



## *The last Trumpet :*

O R,

### A Six-fold Christian DIALOGUE.

*The first, betweene*

*Death, the Flesh, and the Soule.*

The Argument of the first Dialogue.

*The Flesh presenting the Soules Mayd,  
By Death encountred, sore afrayd;  
Shewes forth voluptuous-Gallants state,  
Whilst (yet) they be degenerate;  
How prone to pride and vanity,  
How fear'd of Death, how loath to die;  
Vntill the Lady-Mistresse, Soule,  
By Grace rowz'd up, does chide, controule  
Her servant, Flesh, her fit to make  
To welcome Death, and Life forsake.*

Death.



Flesh.

O, who's within? Ope the doore,  
instantly.

Who's that which knockes so bold  
and boysterously?

B

De. Tis

*De.* Tis He, that, till he enters, will not part.

*Fl.* Stay, Ile peepe out; and see (first) who thou art,  
And, whether thou deserv'st, heere, to remaine;  
If not, knocke long enough, and all in vaine. (now?)

*De.* Well, now, what think'st thou? wilt thou open

*Fl.* O fearefull monster! ugly beetle-brow,  
Blinde of both-eyes, without or lippes or chin,  
Hence, with a mischiefe, Ile not let thee in.  
Knocke on, yea knocke thy selfe to death, thou may'st,  
But, Ile not ope the doore, whiles there thou stay'st.

*De.* Open, for, I will enter: mark th'event.

*Fl.* What? And without my *Mistresses* consent?

*De.* I, without leave of *Mistresse* or nice *Mayd*:  
Yea, though by All within I be gaine-sayd.

*Fl.* Is't possible? Whence cam'st thou, hither, pray?  
Who sent for thee? Thou might'st have kept away:  
For, we have, heere, within, farre fayrer mates,  
Fine fellowes, merrier guests, within our gates:  
Sure, th'art some Courtier, by thy sirly face.

*De.* Indeed, both *Court* and *Carr*, in *Me* have place,  
And, I, in them, doe challenge equall right.

*Fl.* I prethee, say, who art thou? what strange wight?

*De.* I, surely, am thy *Sister* and thy *Brother*.

*F.* Hence, Beast, th'art some *Hermaphrodite* or other.

*De.* Therein (indeed) thy words are probable;  
For, of both sexes I am capable.

*Fl.* Capable? true, too much too, I beleeve:  
But, if my thoughts doe me not much deceive,  
Thou neither lookest like male or female,

But,

*The last Trumpet.*

3

But, art, more truly, some Ghost lanck and pale.

*De.* I am a *Ghost*, yet, am thy *Looking-Glasse*,  
Where, thou mayst see thy state like with'ring grasse.

*Fl.* Who were thy Parents?

*De.* They that thee begot,

*Fl.* That's strange; but, surely, thus much I doubt not,  
Thy Parents would have pluckt out *both* their eyes,  
Ere from their loynes an Imp, like thee, should rise.

*De.* Yet, they *me* bred. For, *biting-Death* did spring  
From their bold biting the *forbidden thing*,

*Fl.* Whence cam'st thou then?

*D.* From thine owne wilfull sin.

*Fl.* Alas, alas. Then we must needs be kin.

*De.* True. We are *both* of one stock, land and line,

*Fl.* Yet, small resemblance twixt thy state & mine.

*De.* True, I confesse it, yet I tell thee plaine,  
Nor *thou*. nor *any* that alive remaine,

Can *me*; when I am present, passe, excell,

With fitter frame of joynts though ere so wel,

With more just mixture of the Elements,

With fairer structure of corps lineaments,

Or stronger state of body; but I say,

being present, am more choyce than they.

*Fl.* Me thinks this is most strange, how can this be?

*De.* Because, even Natures-selſe hath chosen me.

or her Anatomy. Thou know'st right well,

that all that doe in Surgery excell

and Physicke, chooſe for their Anatomie

Corps that surpasse in beauties excellencie.

But,

B 2

*Fl.*

*Fl.* Tis true (indeed) of such as hanged be;  
 Then, in that number I must reckon thee:  
 And therefore tell me for what fact so foule  
 Hast thou beene hanged, and so left thy soule?

*De.* Well, wanton *wench*, for all thy witty prate,  
 I'll be thy wooer and thy wedded-mate.

*Fl.* Ha, ha, ha, ha. I never shall desire  
 Such a yoke-fellow to me to acquire,  
 As will me make quite weary of my life,  
 And fill my marriage-bed with hate and strife:  
 When for my Spouse I shall embrace a Spirit,  
 And stinking sinels of rottennesse inherit.  
 No, with the proverb, rather I'd like well  
 To dye a Virgin, and leade Apes in hell.

*De.* So, so, meane while, I must, I will embrace thee  
*Fl.* hands off, or to thy *Graves & Ghosts* I'll chase thee

*De.* Soft, sister, soft: untoucht, I'll touch & take thee  
 Thou art decciv'd, if thou think'st to forsake me  
 Or scape my hands. Delay not, instantly,  
 If Death but say the word, thou (sure) shalt dye.  
 I stand unmov'd, when thou art mov'd, molested,  
 I rise unhurt, when thou by *Death* art rested.  
 He which thee spoiles, spares not or sexe or age,  
 Conditions rare, face faire or head most sage.  
 Perhaps thou'lt say (thou say'st no more than truth)  
 That nothing is, than *Death*, more full of ruth,  
 More tart and terrible, more curst, unkinde,  
 As who, to looke on mens looks, is most blinde,  
 Is deafe and dumb to heare or answer treats



Is pittilesse, perniciously downe beates  
Without distinction or least difference,  
All, lyable to's lawlesse violence;  
Not having least respect to good or bad,  
But, forcing *all* to *one* condition sad.

*Fl.* Aye me poore wretch, must my *flesh* delicate,  
Which fragrant flowers adorne and decorate,  
Which sweet perfumes with odours rare perfume,  
Must these faire joynts to rottenesse consume?  
And all their moysture and their milk-white hew,  
Be dry'd, drawne out, by such an *Else* as *you*?

*De.* Damsell, disdaine it not, these sinews bare,  
These rigid bones have grasped Ladies faire;  
Equall to thee, for bodies beauty bright,  
For dignities and honours utmost height;  
For smooth and soft conditions deare as *thou*,  
These, oft, I make to my embraces bow.

*Fl.* Embrace them still, so thou lett' st me alone.  
What? shall these dainty *fingers*, ever knowne  
To touch and strike the warbling Lute-strings sweet  
Enamell'd with pure azure-veines regreet,  
Shall these, I say, once touch thy clay-cold wrists,  
Or shall this *haire* of mine in curious twists,  
And rare layd wreaths, bound up, with garlands deckt  
And odoriferous perfumes, to affect  
The nifest nostrils, like *Sols* sun-beames bright,  
Shall these under thine Eagle-tallons light?  
Shall this high *forehead*, and these *temples* faire,  
Adorn'd with *Aprils* prime-sprung flowers most rare,

Fall underneath thy raw-bon'd fingers harmes,  
 Shall these my snow-white alabaster *armes*  
 Fitted for onely amorous kinde embraces,  
 Feele thy cold-icey grasping pawes disgraces?  
 Shall these my tinckling, teachable *fine feet*,  
 Accustomed to Measures, Dances sweet,  
 Dance into thy darke cell, the loathsome grave?  
 Or, finally, shall this my *Body* brave,  
 So neat, compleat, so worthy admiration,  
 Yeelding to amorous eyes such delectation,  
 Be shut up in a vile and filthy urne,  
 And into noysome putrefaction turne?

*De.* Spare farther speech, I none of these respect,  
 I neither doe thy *fingers* fine affect,  
 Though ere so small or slender, shining faire,  
 With golden rings and sparkling Diamonds rare.  
 I care not for thy tender lovely *locks*,  
 Though glistring like pure wooll among the flocks.  
 I care not for thy *temples* faire and high,  
 Though deckt with fragrant flowrs most curiously.  
 I care not for thine *armes* more white than snow,  
 Or, than the purest Ivie that can grow.  
 I care not for thy tender tinckling *feet*,  
 Although for wanton dances ere so meete.  
 Finally, neither can thy *body* fine  
 Nor any of thy bodies outward shine  
 Allure my minde, entice *me, thee* to spare,  
 I, nought at all, for all thy neatnesse, care.  
 For, well thou know'st, for this thy Candor quaint,

Painters

Painters, doe me, a mans *dead karkasse* paint,  
 Consisting of bare *bones*, with *sinews* joynd  
 Where, thou, nor *eares*, nor *eyes*, nor *nose* canst finde,  
*Naked, deformed*, ugly to be seene  
 Of *neither sexe*, handling a *Sithe* most keene.  
 O artificiall piece of Painters *wife* !  
 Deform'd, indeed, but full of *mysteries*.  
 And, wilt thou (*Damsell*) heare me *them* relate ?  
 For thy sake (then) I'll do't most accurate,  
 Although, therein, thy outward beauty gay  
 I nought regard. Then listen, *these* are they.  
 First, I am shewn, with *hollow holes*, no *eyes*  
 To signifie, I no mans person prize,  
 Of whatsoever power or dignity,  
 Of whatsoever wealth or quality.  
 I also am described without *eares*,  
 To shew that *death* no mans petition heares,  
 And that no prayer or humblest supplication  
 Can of my furie finde least mitigation.  
 I pourtray'd am, without a *Nose* to smell,  
 Thereby (*vaine dainty Damsell*) thee to tell,  
 And *thee* lascivious wanton *gallant* brave,  
 That I, in thy sweet sents no pleasure have.  
 Again, I pictur'd am *naked and bare*  
 To intimate that I doe nothing care  
 For earthly substance or for treasure great,  
 For bribes or gifts, which worldly wife doe cheate.  
 I also am depainted without *skin*,  
 Or flesh or bloud, all raw-bon'd, meagre, thin;  
 To shew, assure, (*O Damsell* delicate,

O spruce nice *youths*, too fond, effeminate,  
 That neither your rare glistering beauty bright,  
 Nor vaine faire out sides can me ought delight.  
 Yet further, I in *neither sexe* am showne;  
 Whereby it may be evidently knowne,  
 That I have firme resolved not to spare  
 Or male or female, whatsoere they are.  
 Finally, I am figur'd (still) to stand  
 With a most large and sharp *Sithe* in my hand,  
 To shew, that as the *Mower* in the field  
 Makes *Corne* and *Grasse* unto his *Sithe* to yeeld  
 So, I from off the earth doe *all men* mow,  
 As (thus) the *Poet* pithily doth show.

*Sicut ante falcem seges;*

*Ante mortem summi Reges.*

That is,

As *Corne* before the *Sithe* most keene,  
 So in *Deaths*-presence, *Kings* are seene.

*Fl.* And, art thou so inexorable, *Death*?  
 That thou spar'st *none*, bereavest *all* of breath.

*De.* I, I spare *none*, not *one*, who ere they be.

*Fl.* Alas, this seemeth most unjust to *mee*;  
 What? dost thou lusty lively *youths* destroy,  
 But newly stept upon the brinke of joy?  
 Together with the old decrepid *Sire*,  
 Who, worne with age, seems every houre t'expire,  
 And breathe his last, by aches, curelesse paines,

And

And therefore counts thy presence precious gaines.

*De.* All's one to me, the youngling or the *sage*.

*Fl.* Alas, what profit's (then) in youthfull age?  
Since *youth* and *old age* have but one condition,  
And must submit to Fates most dire commission.

*De.* Indeed, if thou dost their condition eye,  
They both are subject to *Mortality*;  
But, if their probable-departure hence,  
Thou mayst discerne this onely difference;  
As, *young-men*, soone may dye, though ere so strong:  
So, *old-men* can't alive continue long.  
*Death* is for *old-men* ever at the gate,  
For *young-men* he with nets and snares doth wait.  
To *old-men* he is still before their eyes,  
To *young-men* close behinde their backes he lyes.  
*Death* is the *child hood* of weake *infancie*,  
*Death* is the *lad-age* of our *childe-hood*ry,  
*Death* is the *youth* of our *lad-age* estate,  
*Death* is the *manly-hood* of *youthfull* fate.  
*Death* is the *old-age* of our *man-hood* stout,  
*Death* after *old age* doth *decrepid* stout.  
For *Death* is of *Decrepid-age* the *Death*,  
And (thus) tis plaine that *None* that ere drew breath  
Could sheltred be in such a close estate,  
But, *Death* made entrance in *Him*, soone or late.

*Fl.* Alas, I surely thought (but plainly see,  
I did but gull my selfe) that *None* like *Mee*,  
So lusty, lively, in their youthfull-blood  
So fresh in flower of age, so quickly shood

Be nipt and crompt, but, might make truce with death,  
And so enjoy a longer, happier breath.

*De.* O no, for, *short* is that felicity,  
Which still is tended with *fragility*.

*Fl.* Ah, though tis *short*, yet, who desires it not?

*De.* He that a *tyresome tedious life* hath got.

*Fl.* Yet, euen *he* would scape death if he might.

*De.* Hast thou nere heard or read those lessons right.  
*That, 'tis farre best, not to be borne at all,*  
*Or soone to leave this life most tragicall.*  
*That, dead than living, are in happier state.*  
*That, nought than Sleepe does Death more personate.*  
*That, Death's the hav'n of ills, the help' gainst woe,*  
*The onely easer of all griefes that grow.*  
*That all must dye, that death concludes all strife,*  
*That death is better, happier, farre than life.*

*Fl.* That I have read them oft, to minde I call,  
But, held *none* true, and so forgot them *all*.

*De.* It seemes indeed, th'are all slipt out of minde.

*Fl.* True, for, *those things*, in which, *no joy* we finde,  
We scarce beleewe, and eas'ly let them goe.

*De.* But say, think'st thou that thou shalt die, or no?

*Fl.* I thinke I shall, but yet withall I hope  
The day's farre off, ere *Death* with me will cope.

*De.* We hope things good, we hate things that are *bad*.  
And, what can worfe be either held or had,  
Than a *continuall warfare*, jarre and strife,  
And, still to prop a *transitorie life*?

*Fl.* O, but, what ere does please, gives ease to all.

*De.*

*De.* And, canst thou *that* a pleasant passage call?  
Which is encombred with so many Straites,  
Whereon, fierce famine, thirst, and labour waits,  
Crosses and losses, and a sea of woe,  
Which, from *corrupted life* doe fleet and flow?

*Fl.* Men us'd to *paine* are not so *passionate*;  
And we are so inur'd to such a state,  
And, daily so acquainted with *all these*,  
That, we scarce *fee* them; or, though *felt*, they please.

*De.* Wouldst thou not count it a choice *benefit*,  
If, *one* would thee of these dire *fetters* quit?

*Fl.* Yes, I should hold it the best *favour* found,  
If, *first*, I could beleeve that I am *bound*. (see

*De.* Peace, peace, for shame, canst thou not plainly  
Lives *discommodities* base *bonds* to be?

*Fl.* O spare me, prethee, till I think *them so*,  
Till I beleeve *them such*, pray let me goe.

*De.* Nay, now I smell thy *Foxe-like fallacie*,  
I'll not doe *so*, nor shalt thou *so* me tie  
As (once *one* did, who spying *me* draw neere,  
And brandishing this *fatall-Sithe* I beare  
Still in my hand. *This* onely *suit* did make,  
That with my deadly *dart* I would not take  
His life from him, untill he quite had done  
His deepe *devotions*, pious *prayers* begun,  
Which finished, hee'd thanke me very much,  
And, quietly to dye would never grutch.  
I having easly granted his petition,  
And bound my selfe by oath, to this condition,

Not

Not once to touch him, till he quite had ended  
 His *orizons* and *prayers* so pretended :  
 He instantly left off, left me deluded,  
 And from that time he with himselfe concluded,  
 And made a vow, he never *Death* would pray  
 To spare him, more, unto his *dying-day*.  
*Mayd*, 'tis most easie, *never* to beleewe,  
 Things we *desire not*, and, which most us grieve.  
 But, I will deale with thee another way,  
 And cause thee (instantly) aside to lay  
 This vicious most pernicious fond opinion.  
 Then lend an eare, put off (thou wanton *Minion*)  
 Thy *carnall-nicenesse*, for, I'll now declare  
 Things which to *thee* most wholsome, healthsome are.  
*Hee's* teachable that diligently heares,  
 Shew thy selfe *such* and lend me thy prest cares.  
 So shalt thou surely understand and finde,  
 That I have (herein) bin to thee most kinde  
*Fl.* O *Death*, I'll heare thee most attentively;  
 But, O, I would not have *thee* in mine eye.

*De.* Then, *shut* thine eyes, onely set ope thine eares,  
 And now (first) tell me, *how* thou spend'st thy yeares ?  
*How* thou employ'st thy selfe, what paines dost take ?  
*What* dost thou daily thy chiefe pleasure make ?  
 That thou art so much taken and delighted  
 With *Lifes* false fleeting *sweets*? more fitly slighted.

*Fl.* O sir, my *Exercises* be most sweet,  
 And to my *nature*, every way most meet.  
 I feele no frying *heat*, nor freezing *cold*,



My hand did never wheele or distaffe hold,  
My heart in serious studies I nere pent,  
To sweeter pleasures, I my selfe have bent,  
Namely, in delicate delights to flow,  
To please my tooth, to publike sports to goe,  
To swim in luscious liquor, sparkling wine,  
To be arayd in vestures rich and fine.  
To be a guest at banquets, nuptiall-feasts,  
To be at Playes and other joviall-jests,  
To dance lascivious measures, spend the nights  
With youthfull Gallants, juvenile delights,  
On rich embroydered beds of Doune to lie,  
My flesh in sweet hot bathes to clarifie.  
*Finely to feed, fully to sleepe and Inort,*  
To fill my flesh with pleasures of each sort. view,

*De.* But, that thou maist thine own prime-state re-  
And take a just account and reckoning true,  
How thou hast spent each day from morn to night,  
What speciall work does this taske expedite?

*Fl.* I never worke, nor any worke desire,  
My onely businesse is earths joyes t' acquire.

*De.* What joyes are they? I prethee to me show;  
Sure they be rare, whence such rare love doth grow.

*Fl.* My chiefeest care is for my cloaths and meat,  
My dainty breakfast in my bed to eate,  
Which is provided in such costly wise,  
That nothing wants my palate to suffice.  
This proeme past; that all things may concurre  
To answer my desires, in bed I stirre

And

And rowle my selfe by *soft-degrees* most flow,  
 (As, when a *doore* smoothe on the *hinge* doth goe)  
 And, thus, a *sweet* and *soaking nap*, I take,  
 Desirous *nothing* more to shun, forsake,  
 Then *forreine* quarrels, and *domesticke* strife,  
 From *publike* tumults, to preserve my *life*;  
 To shun all *Courtly cares*, to spend my dayes  
 In silent rest, and be at *ease* alwayes;  
 To make my selfe most *slicke* and *smooth* with fat,  
 At bankets full of *merry-table-chat*.

*De.* But, *now* I hope thou wilt at last arise.

*Fl.* Yes, that I will; for, I doe not so prize  
 My *Bed*, to make it my worlds *sole* delight,  
 Nor my *bed-chamber* a *theatricksight*.  
 But, now, *Sols* glorious *rayes* paynting the skies,  
 With *golden-beames* and glistring on mine eyes  
 Through the *transparent-windowes*; nicely, I  
 Call for my *Gowne* full of embroydery,  
 Of various, curious colours, wrought most rare  
 With *Flora's* imitable rap'stry fayre.  
 Which, ere put on, *how many* thoughts have I  
 Touching its *neatnes* or its *bravery*?  
 Sometime, I *such* a gorgeous *Gowne* do prize,  
 As may attract on me *beholders eyes*;  
 But, instantly, therewith some fault I finde,  
 And then another *Coat* I call to minde.  
 For that, againe (when brought) I doe not care  
 For, eyther tis *too-heavy* for my weare,  
 Or, for the times not *fashionate enough*,

I therefore, quickly, cast it off, in snuffe ;  
And, for another ( yet ) I forthwith send ;  
Thus I in choosing cloathes whole mornings spend.

De. And thus, I thinke, by trying them they teare,  
As much, or more, than if thou didst them weare.

Fl. My Clothes, at last, put-on to my content,  
Within mine owne doores I cannot be pent :  
But, instantly, gad-ont, and thither goe,  
Where greatest concourse of fit Mates I know.  
Nor am I mindfull much of Novelties,  
That is my Mistresse Soules chiefe exercise.

De. Thou sayst most true, for, She intends the mind,  
But, thou, thy meat, to feasting still inclinde.  
For, tis the Mindes connative quality  
To be most greedy after novelty.

Fl. True. But I haunt not common-confluences  
Of people, for such purpose ; but my senses  
Finde ( inwardly ) selfe-tickling daintinesse  
Which, or I cannot, or I will suppress.

This, thus, within me sparkes more ardently  
And, thus, thereto, more fuell I applie.  
For, if in that concourse of Gallants great  
I spie a prime-rose-youth most compt and neat  
He me, no looner eyes then fries with love ;  
And from his guardian, soone, himselfe does move,  
And followes me, where-ere my lust him leads.  
If I but frowne, a sigh his sorrow pleads ;  
If I but smile, he is most jocond, strait,  
On each kinde word, a laugh doth ever waite :

He

He sports with's *spoyler*, ignorant, meane while,  
That he (thus) dallies but with *Ismael* vile, (youth,

*D.* Thus whiles thou *play'st*, thou *prey'st*, yea slay'st the

*Fl.* 'Tis so, indeed, thou sayst the very truth.

For, *whomsoere* I view, if he obey,  
I either *deeply* wound, or *deadly* slay.

Yet, neither I *my selfe* unhurt depart,  
For, I, by *nature*, have so *kinde* a heart  
That *he*, whom by my *lust*, I *captive* take,  
Doth *me* (thereby) his servile *Captive* make.

*De.* Thus, for the most part, it betideth, still,  
The *Spoyler* proves a *spoyle*, by *after-ill*.  
But, prethee tell me, whither dost thou lead  
This *lustfull-Lad*, that thus thy paths doth tread?

*Fl.* I'll freely tell thee *all*, and *nothing* hide.

This lusty *Lecher* still doth by *me* bide,  
And, if I finde him worthy *every way*,  
My *best* embraces to my *bed* most gay  
Adorn'd with rich and rare wrought tapestry,  
Full of *love-sweets*, I bring him by and by.  
But, first, if *Cupid* call for *delicates*,  
We have a banquet, which *lust* stimulates;  
In which, and amorous *tales* we spend the day,  
Or else goe see some *sight*, or merry *play*.  
Or, if we please to walke the pleasant *fields*,  
Where *Flora's* Beauty fayre much comfort yeelds:  
We, hand in hand, or arme in arme doe goe  
And, wanton *jest*s and *gestures*, oft, do show.  
Our names we grave upon the barke of trees,

Or else (at last) we tyred with all these,  
Doe lye and coole us under some coole shade,  
Or else in some sweet hot-bath, ready made,  
We both doe bathe, our joynts to supple more,  
Thus, softly, sweetly, is my life past ore.

De. A brave account (sure) of a gallant state,  
But, tell me, whether ought thou didst relate,  
Hath made thee better or a jot more wise?

Fl. Pish, I least care to purchase such a prize,  
As honesties or wisdomes ayrie-gaine,  
Let him that will (for me) those entertaine.

My flesh is tickled, toucht with tenderesse,  
This world, mine Inne, doth wholly me possesse,

De. But, all wise men of whom I ever heard,  
Have, evermore, that life, as best, preferr'd,  
Wherein, they, every day, themselves have found  
In gravity and goodnesse to abound.

Fl. Yet, did not they with all their goodnesse perish?  
De. So thinks the world, but yet, in heav'n they flourish

Fl. Well, be it so. And let them live there still,  
So I may have worlds-pleasure at my will.

De. I? say'st thou so? yet, prethee say againe,  
Whiles thou dost such a jocund life sustaine,  
In what case does thy Mistresse, soule abide?  
Does she not with thee sharply chafe and chide?

Fl. Indeed, shee's somewhat angry with me, qst,  
But, with a smiling looke and answer soft,  
I can her quickly please, But usually  
I leave her in her closets privacie,

Close at her *prayers* ; where, if she stayes too long  
 I cease not to *suggest*, with *motions* strong,  
 All my *distracting-pleasures*, to her *minde*,  
 Whereby, *she*, in *that* exercise can finde  
 But little ioy and comfort ; which, to *me*,  
 Tedious and irkesome, I (till) finde to be.  
 Meane-while, my *Heaven born Mistresse Lady* great,  
 Transported with *coelestiall zealous heat*  
 And *sacred furie*, chides *me* bitterly,  
 And, with *these words*, her anger out doth flie.  
 “ O ! how perversely dost thou shew *thy selfe* ,  
 “ How troublesome to *me* (thou *carnall else* )  
 “ Why dost thou *such base thoughts* to *me* suggest  
 “ When I am to my pious *prayers* addrest ?  
 “ Thou should’st *me* evermore, in *all*, obey,  
 “ And not my *heart* with *such vaine-toyes* orelay.  
 “ Hast thou not read *what* I have writ and plac’d  
 “ Over my *Chamber-doore* ? there, read thou may’st,  
 “ And rightly know, *what* I most wish, desire ;  
 “ *My God to get* is *all I doe require*.  
 (For, *this*, indeed, is her *inscription*, still)  
 “ O doe not, then, pervert and change my will.  
 “ I know *whom* I have served and obay’d,  
 “ Nay, whole *blest-bride*, my *selfe*, I, *thou*, have made,  
 “ *Nothing*, to *me*, more odious is than sin ;  
 “ *Nothing*, than *Prayer*, hath, ere, more pleasant been.  
 “ O ! let the *doores* be, then, barr’d-up most fast,  
 “ That all the *House* may inward lustre cast :  
 “ Let *both* the *eyes* be shut and closed ever,

That,

' That, loathsome *lust* may be admittéd *never*.  
 In *such-like* maner ( oft ) *she* useth *me*,  
 But, from my practise *he* not altréd be :  
 For, *ever still*, I slyly doe foment  
 Some *new* and *unknown* tickling *toy* to vent,  
 Which may not onely much distract her minde  
 From sacred *meditations* ; but may binde  
 And re-unite her *love* a fresh to *me*,  
 Then, I to her, make *this* complaint, most free.  
 " Sweet *Mistresse*, you *your-selfe* too sharply use,  
 " And, too-too strict and rigid *courses* chuse :  
 " O ! will you, *ne're*, your owne rare *beauty* minde ?  
 " But, *still*, be to *your selfe*, so curst, unkinde ?  
 " O ! spare your *eyes*, weepe not so much, so oft  
 " Turne not, into *hard horne*, your *knees* so soft,  
 " By frequent kneeling ; you have *long enough*  
 " Yea *too-long* led a life austere and rough :  
 " He finde you *merrier mates*, if you'll forsake  
 " Your *closet*, and, with *me*, worlds *joyes* partake.  
 My lovely *Lady*, heereupon, replies :  
 " How *merrily*, at *Dice*, the time hence flies,  
 " How *muddily*, at *Prayers*, it stickes and stayes,  
 " How *still* it *steales* away, at *Sports* and *playes* ?  
 " How *slow* it seemes to goe, how *tedious* spent,  
 " When, at *Gods worship*, we are most intent ?  
 And thus, my *Mistresse* heereto condescends,  
 And ready *cares* to my *allurement* lends.  
 De. It seemes, then, that the *mayd*, her *mistresse* sways.  
 Fl. Most true. For *she*, in *nothing*, *me* gaine-saves :

But alwayes-holds *me* as her merriest *mate*,  
 Hugs *me*, with kisses does *me* consoleate.  
 We be as *one*, 'wee 'gree as *one*, in *all*,  
 Namely, that we quench not the *sparkles* small  
 Of our sweet *Loves* deare *lusts*, but them fulfill  
 Not to *deterre*, but to *preferre* them still.

*De.* Thus, thou (*O flesh*) given as thy *Mistresse* ayde  
 Art her *destruction* and chiefe *scandall* made.

*Fl.* O Sir, y'are much mistaken in the thing,  
 Rather, much *joy* and *solace*, I her bring.

*De.* Thou dost not *joy*, but her *annoy* with woe.

*Fl.* Nay, then farewell Sir, if you censure *so*,

*De.* Farewell? nay soft, ther's *no* way to *evade*,  
 For (yet) more talke, I have *thus long* delayde.  
 Nay, whimper not, you doe but beat the ayre,  
 If, for your *strugling*, you thinke I'll you spare.

*Fl.* Let me alone, or I aloud will cry;  
 If thou provok'st me with thy cruelty.

*De.* Canst thou accuse me, now of *fornication*?

*Fl.* No, but for *theft* I'll bring mine accusation.

*De.* Indeed, if *accusations* may suffice,  
 The *innocentest* party *guilty* lyes:  
 But, can it by thy nimble wit be showne,  
 To be a *theft* to claime and take *mine owne*? (ceale,

*Fl.* If those two Pronounes *mine* and *thine* might  
 The worlds deep discord would not so encrease.

*De.* How right thou hit'st the nayle, yea, pamper'd  
 Whiles thou dost live, jars wil arise afresh. (*flesh*,  
 I tell thee, *Wench*, thy white skin, *painted face*,

Does



Does in a Réalme raise more contentions base,  
Than all thy *Ladies* utmost art or skill  
And strength of wit is able (ere) to still.  
But, I have caught thee, now, and thou art mine,  
I'll now take care to end thy cheats most fine.

*Fl.* O, I had rather run into a *Stewes*,  
Than such a spighted *Spittle-House* to choose.

*De.* I easily beleeve thee, but, now know  
Thou must such *Brothell-houses* quite forgoe.  
*Death* to the *Suburbs* now, hath made his way,  
Then (neer the walls) thou inmate canst not itay.

*Fl.* What dost thou meane to touch me? raw-bon'd

*De.* To give thee (now) a deadly cold embrace. (face,

*Fl.* Most irkesome and unpleasant are esteem'd  
Th'embraces of a wooer, ugly deem'd.

But what? is *Death* in love with flesh, I pray?

*De.* Yes eagerly, thy flesh to turne to clay.

*Fl.* Thou needs must be in love, who art in want.

*De.* I therefore cover, 'cause I feele such scant.

*Fl.* Will not a piece of me give thee content?

*De.* No, by no meanes, for ti's most evident  
That *deaths* devouring jawes, no parts will take,  
But all or nothing is his proper stake.

*Fl.* Yet, many *Gallants* full of youthfull heate,  
Famous for beauty brave, and bodies neate,  
Have thought themselves t'have got an ample prey,  
If, on these roseall lips they could but lay  
And fixe one onely kisse, and wisht no more,  
And yet must thou, worne lancke and thin, all-ore,

And, as thou seemst to me, bloodlesse and bare;  
Have me *all-whole*, as thine insatiate *share*?

*De.* I will not bare *one inch*, Ile have thee *full*.

*Fl.* Oh! whither dost thou, thus, *me* hale and pull?

*De.* Even to my *horrid-house* of *clay*, the *Grave*.

*Fl.* O! must thou *such* an expiation have?

Must my *payre corps* fill-up an *uglie urne*?

*De.* It must, indeed, and must to *dust* returne.

*Fl.* And, what *companions* shall I therein finde?

*De.* Onely great *crawling wormes*, bred of thy kinde.

*Fl.* O! wilt thou not *me* spare, but *one yeere* more?

*De.* No, not *one hawre*, I told thee so, before.

A *Statute-Law*, heerein, doth on me lie,

And I my *charge* must *discharge*, instantly.

*Fl.* What? *Instantly*? Ay me most wofull wretch!  
Spare me, but till I doe my *Mistresse* fetch:

For, she, alas, doth little dreame of *thee*,

Or, of thy now so neere approach to *me*.

*De.* Indeed, I thinke no lesse; for I beleewe,  
Thou friendlier entertaynment wouldst me give,  
If more familiarly thou didst me know.

But, *hence*, such strangenesse doth betweene us grow:

And, *hence*, I am your so unwelcome *guest*,

'Cause, scarce, *one thought* of *me* is ere exprest.

Yet, call *her* toorth, Ile promise make, nere doubt,

Ile *thee* not touch, before *she*, first, comes out.

*Fl.* O *Mistresse*, *Mistresse*! are you, now, asleepe,  
More sound than ere you us'd, that hence you keepe?

*Soule.* Thou art deceiv'd, *Mayd*, if thou thinkest so;

That

That ever I did sleepe, I doe not know.  
But, what's the newes ? what is the cause and case,  
That thou *me* call'st, with such a frighted face ?

*Fl* O *Mistresse* ! ther's extreme necessity  
Faln on us *both* ; for, most impetuously  
A *stranger* knockes at doore, of horrid hew,  
And ( if I may speake what I thinke is true )  
Of fierce aspect, a most deformed creature,  
And every way of most uncomely feature.  
He stands without, but spite of *you* or *me*  
He plainly threats that he let-in must be.

*So*. Who is't, I prethee, that so saucily  
Behaves himselfe ? what ? Is't not fit that I  
Should *mistresse* be of *mine* ? bid him let's see  
What right he has to enter, then, tell me.

*Fl*. Tender (indulgent *Mistresse*) I you pray  
Your tender *Mayden*, *Flesh*, I neither may,  
Nor dare so much as looke him in the face,  
Much lesse expostulate, with him, the case.  
I would not for a thousand worlds and more  
Goe backe againe (alone) to him, to th' doore :  
So gastle, ghostly, frightfull, spritelike, he,  
Fierce, furious, fatall, doth appeare to me.

*So*. Then tell me (prethee) what may be his *name*,  
Or whence this formidable creature came.

*Fl*. Aske him your selfe (I pray) a monster, sure,  
O, I cannot to talke with him endure.  
For, *such* bold liberty of speech he us'd,  
And *me* without least blushing so abus'd,

As that *he, me*, his *Paramour* did cast,  
 And, on *me* layd his *fatall Paves* withall.  
 Onely, *he* (herein) shew'd some courtesie  
 And plighted promise to me seriously,  
 That, untill you (*deare Mistresse*) came out hence,  
 He would not on *me* use his violence.

*So.* Alas, poore foole, and what wilt *thou* then be  
 When I thy *Mistresse, Soule*, goe out of thee?  
 Nothing (alas) but a poore *karkasse* dead,  
 On which, foule crawling *worms* must full be fed.  
 But, I'll goe meet him and doe what I may  
 Timely to tame his pride. *Who art thou?* say?

*De.* *I am the utmost end of every thing.*

*Fl.* O *Mistresse* goe not neere him, feare his *sting*,  
 O, if you love me, send him (soone) away,  
 By *treats* or *threats*, by *force* or *fullest pay*;  
 By *any meanes*, we must him quickly quail,  
 And packe him hence, or our whole *house* will faile.

*So.* Peace peevish *wench*, I'll forth & talke with him.  
 Who ere thou art, under this vizard grim,  
 Horrid Hobgoblin-like, which dost beset  
 And thus unseas'nably our *household* fret  
 And fright, and much disquiet our sweet rest,  
 Know this, that thou canst nought at all molest  
 Or terrifie my *soule*, no though thou bring  
 A thousand deadly *darts*, and dost them fling  
 With utmost furie, and this *Court* surround,  
 Yet with least feare thou never canst me wound.  
 What, though my *carnall Mayde*, the *flesh* be frighted?

For,

*The last Trumpet.*

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For, *hee's* (indeed) with *nicenesse* o're-delighted,  
And unacquainted with so grim aspects,  
And such unpleasing *spectacles* neglects?  
Yet, my prepared *soule* shakes off *such* feares,  
And all *such* frights as *buzzing-flies* out-beares.  
Then cut off all delayes, make plaine relation,  
What is thy *name*, and *proper compellation*?

*De.* I fright not folkes with any *Titles* strange,  
Nor yet with many, mighty names doe range;  
My name is *short*, yet *sharp* to what hath breath,  
And I by *all*, am vulgarly call'd *Death*.

*So.* 'Tis *very well*.

*Fl.* But, *fare you well* were better;  
His hideous *presence* does me feare and fetter.

*De.* But *Lady*, if you please, I will more plaine  
Explaine my selfe; I, to the heavenly *Traine*  
*Am hasty-Herald. Bodies Dissolution.*

*Th' Inevitable-End. The Resolution*  
*Of all things. And, the Robber of Mankinde.*  
To thee being sent, thee friendly to unbinde  
And set at liberty: *this thy nice-Mayd*  
*the flesh*, to see, in her *Sepulture* layd.

*Fl.* What *Sepulture*, I pray? *De.* An *earthly bed*,  
With a *clay-pillow* underneath thy head.

*Fl.* I have no need of *such a Chamberlaine*  
To make a *Bed* for *me*, so coorse and plaine,  
I have already, *beds* more soft and sweet,  
And, than thy bed, for *me* (me thinks) more meet.

*So.* I think you meane the *Grave* to be your *bed*,

*De.* You think most true & hit the nayle o'th head

This

This I have ready made, then let your *Mayd*  
Goedowne with *me*, for; therefore have I stayd,  
And therefore am I hither come to thee,  
And, *this* demand is *thus* commanded *me*.

*So.* Nor may I *such* Commission disobey.

*Fl.* O my deere *Mistresse*, send him (soone) away  
O will you (now) forsake me? O, wherein  
Have I (so farre) to you offensive bin?  
Thus to be left, have I not still regarded  
And done your will? and must be (thus) rewarded?  
Peace, *Mayd*, we must *resistlesse*-Fate obey,  
*Death* is not sent to be sent backe with *Nay*.  
And, surely, if thou soundly didst conceive  
And rightly weigh these things, thou wouldst perceive  
And see and say that (thus) thou much dost gaine,  
Rather than any detriment sustaine.

*Fl.* O when shall I *this* *Paradoxe* hold true?

*So.* When *sense* doth yeeld, and *reason* doth subdue

*Fl.* Must (then) my *sense* to *reason* so submit?

*So.* I, by all meanes, it is most just and fit. (done)

*Fl.* O strange! then what have you (my *Mistresse*)  
Who have bin still by my perswasions won,  
And, all this while, to them have lent your eare,  
Listning to *me* (your *Mayde*) without all feare,  
Whiles I *my selfe* was wholly led along,  
And taken up with lustfull *senses* strong.  
I still was angling with *this* hooke and bait,  
And *you* to catch it, greedily did waite.  
Thus, you with least allurements I could traine

From sleepe

From *Prayers to Playes*; things *sacred to prophane*.

Thus, not your *reason* but my *carnall-sense*

Led you along with fearelesse confidence.

Why (then) doe you (now) *reason* so much presse?

Which, you *your selfe*, so long, did thus transgresse.

*So. O Mayden, Mayden, this is it, indeed,*

That makes *me* (now) so willing to be freed,

And thee forsake; unless my *soule* I'll kill,

freely must confesse I did thy will;

But, *O my soule, thou hast an Inmate bin*

Too long (alas) in this darke house of sin.

Yet, be not sorry that I now must leave thee,

And that thy *Mother, Earth*, must now receive thee.

(Whence first I thee received as my friend,

And, whither (now) I doe thee recommend)

For, 'tis that I may thee enjoy againe,

A *body* farre more faire, without least stayne.

*Fl.* Is't possible that I can fairer be?

By lying in the *earth* disioyn'd from thee?

Who but a mad man can beleewe this thing?

That *such* a place should glistring beauty bring?

And make my *flesh* more faire? where *earth's* my bed,

The *Grave's* my house, and *wormes* on me are fed.

*So.* Yet, thus 'twill be. For, dost thou not (now) find

That *sleep* makes thee of livelier, fresher minde?

*Fl.* What then?

*So.* What *sleep* is, that is *death* also.

*Fl.* But, *death* is too too long a *sleep*, I trow.

*So.* Why shouldst thou judge so? who would think

From sleeps

Too

Too long, whom, in her armes, his *Mother* keeps?

*Fl.* Rather his *Step-dame*, who'd not *that* refuse?

*So.* Thou dost thy *Mother* most unkindly use.

Is not the *Earth* thy *naturall-mother* just?

From *thence* thou cam'st, *thither* returne thou must.

Thou, hitherto, art most unworthy knowne,  
Of my aboad with thee, and kindnesse showne:

I have but us'd *thee* as an *Innie* by th'way;

Wherein, although, I, peradventure, may

Lodge for a *night*, yet may not there remaine;

Feare not to die (then) *death* shall be thy *gaine*;

Since, tis a *Passage*, and sets-ope the *gate*,

Of a more happie *life*, more blessed *state*.

*De.* Forbeare, I pray, these tedious altercations,  
*Death* cannot suffer such procrastinations.

*Many* great *tasks* on me imposed are,

Which I must expedite with speciall care.

*So.* And, we will readily *heavens* will obey;

Onely, forbear a little while, I pray,

Till I have made my *Maid* more fit for *thee*;

For, *she* is nice and timorous, you see,

And is much frighted at thy fearfull face,

Stand by (therefore) I pray, a little space;

Till I but onely *her* more pliant make,

To thy unwelcome *message*; and to take

My wholsome counsels, admonitions free,

Which, being done, I will most readie be

To tread the foot-steps of that *Gorgias* grave,

In sweet desire my *passage* forth to have:

Who



Who, being asked (once) if willingly  
He was content to leave this life and dye,  
Answer'd; Yes truly; For, I go hence, glad,  
As from a rotten ruin'd *Cottage* bad.

*De.* I pray proceed (then) and perform your mind.

*So.* Come neere (my *Flesh*) to me thy *Mrs.* kinde,  
Prepare thy plyant *eares*, and facile *heart*,  
To these last precepts, which I'll now impart.

*Fl.* Deare *Mistresse*, speake, for whatsoere you say  
I ready am to heare, to grant, obey.

*So.* Friends *parting-words* most *inly* penetrate  
And the sad *sighes* they (then) ejaculate,  
Do in the *hearers* heart stampe deepe impression,  
And make them yeeld farre more intent concession.  
We both are (now) a long-farewell to take,  
And I from thee, and thou from me must make  
A separation, and disunion large;  
Come hither (then) and heare my *parting-charge*,  
Prepare, and fit thy selfe, forthwith, for *Death*,  
Before he fiercely comes to stop thy breath.  
Forsake those pleasures, wherewith (heretofore)  
Thou wast engaged, yea ingulst all ore;  
Leave them, I say, and being left, despise them  
And henceforth as thy *souls* chiefe *murderers* prize  
And, now, the small remains of time yet lent, (them,  
To gaine thy *God* in *Christ*, let whole be spent.  
The *fight* is short, the *victory* is great,  
And though the *skirmish* may much danger threat;  
By how much more thou dost in battell strive,

The

The more the *joy*, in conquest, *thee'll* revive.  
 For, marke this, *one* thing in a speciall measure,  
 If, for the love of *earth* and *carnall pleasure*  
 Thou leave Gods *love*, and seeme his *Grace* to scorn  
 Gods *love* will leave thee wretched and forlorne,  
 Even in thine *houre* of most necessity,  
 And give thee over to *hels* tyranny.  
 Thou art arriv'd (now) at the *Haven* of rest,  
 Where *vessels* must be firmly rig'd and drest.  
 Thy *day* of death, which, as thy *last*, did fright thee,  
 Is thy *eternall Birth day* to delight thee.  
 I then cast off every *clog* that would thee stay  
 If any *darling sin* lye in thy way  
 Which thou extremely hast delighted in  
 (As, with *too many* thou hast tyred bin)  
 I then *leave* it, *loath* it. For, thy foot must tread  
 A *holier way*, a *happier life* to lead.  
 What ere is *brittle*, is of *little* price,  
 And being *fraile* doth *faile* us in a trice;  
 And now thy feeble *flesh* must needs abide  
 The *common- Chance* which does all *sorts* betide.  
 Then, wonder not, thy *Predecessours* all  
 Did tread the *selfe-same path*, both great and small,  
 How aptly answered *they* in *such-like* case?  
 Whether we *watch* or *sleepe* in any place,  
 Whether we *talke* or silent hold or peace,  
 Whether we *walk* or from our works doe cease,  
 Whether we *will* or *nill* in any thing,  
 By *times* least *minntes* we doe daily bring

*The last Trumpet.*

Our *sliding, gliding* dayes (at last) to end,  
And then to *natures course* must bow & bend. (tears  
Then weep not (my poore *Mayd*) cease showres of  
At this my parting from thee, cease all fears.  
In heavens duetime, *we both* againe shall meet,  
And with full joy enjoy a *union* sweet.

*Pl.* Deare *Mistresse*, these your admonitions kinde  
Doe mightily prevaile and ease my minde.

Yet, I cannot some struggling *thoughts* dissemble  
To thinke to dye and be dissolv'd, I tremble.

*So.* Alas (weake *Flesh*) that's it I most desire;

To be dissolv'd, and flye to th' heav'nly *Quire*.

O doe not thou indulge *thy selfe* too much,

Why dost thou looke so pale at *death's* sweet touch?

Why dost thou quake and quiver at his *sight*?

Since thou shalt have a *frame* more faire and bright

Than ever (yet) thou hadst or canst conceive;

These rotten *mud-walls* thou must onely leave,

To be pull'd downe and be built up againe

To turne to *dust*, then (ever) *new* remaine.

He (onely) feare of *death* is fit to show,

Which to his *Saviour Christ* is loath to goe;

goe before that I may see his face,

*We both* shall joyne, and *hee'll us both* embrace.

Meane-while *thou* must sleepe sweetly in thine *urne*,

and, *there* into thy *native dust* returne,

from whence thou shalt in farre more *beauty* rile;

and see thy Saviour, even with *these same eyes*.

For, thou art laid in *earth*, to lay-away

Thy

Our

*The last Trumpet.*

Thy *earthly-substance*, corrupt state of clay:  
Be then couragious. For, as *corne*, men sowe,  
Must, first, dye in the ground, before it grow,  
Must, first, seeme rotten, ere it rise againe:  
Even so thy *Body*, like unto the *graine*,  
Must, first, lye dead and rotten in the *grave*,  
Ere it in heaven, *eternity* can have.

*Fl.* Now, truly *Mistresse*, you have sweetly said;  
I now am much assur'd, and well apaid:  
Being (thus) *fore-warn'd*, I am *fore-arm'd* from feare,  
Death's face is (now) lesse terrible, than ere.  
And (now) O *lovelesse-life*, burnt out enough,  
Put out thy *light*, cease (now) thy *twinkling* snuffe,  
Farewell, deare *Mistresse*, sweetest, *soule*, farewell;  
In *this* assured *hope*, ring out my *knell*.

That in my Gods good time, I, rais'd shall be,  
With *thee*, my *soule*, my *Saviour Christ* to lee.

*So.* Having *this hope*, in dying thou shalt live;  
And, I, with joy, shall *me to thee*, regive.

*De.* How hardly can *these two* divorced be?  
Have ye done talking? and given way to me?  
Your mutuall *last-farewell* take (now) I pray;  
*Time* and my *taske* will (now) no longer stay.

*So.* O *Death*, I prethee (now) take *thine own time*;  
Make haite, that I, to *heaven* my *haven* may clime  
Come (now) and put thy *charge* in execution,  
For, I, with *this one well-fixt* resolution,  
Will winde up *all*. I have not so liv'd herc,  
In this vaine world (yet, hereunto, I feare,

I have beene too-inclin'd, too much affected,  
Which, now I grieve, and leave thee more neglected  
As that to live (here) longer, I should shame,  
Or that I durst not dye for feare of blame;  
And that because I serve a *Master* kinde,  
Whom I, in *Christ*, doe reconciled finde.  
Thus, therefore to *goe out* of this fraile *life*,  
Is to *goe into* heavenly pleasures rise :  
Thus, *life* to leave, is aye to live in Peace,  
In full fruition of all joyes encreate :  
Thus, *thee* my *Mayd*, I to the *earth* commend,  
Whiles I *Heavens Kingdome* happily ascend.  
*De.* Thus (then) adieu  
To both of you.

*The end of the first Dialogue.*

D

The



## The Second D I A L O G U E.

*Betweene the Divell, the Flesh, and  
the VWorld.*

The Argument of the second Dialogue.

*The World and Flesh to every evill  
Are onely Agents for the Divell :  
But here, the Flesh being mortifi'de,  
Sathans suggestions are deny'de;  
Who can do nought but tempt to ill,  
Has no more power, although more will;  
Which amply to the world he shewes,  
And how ore carnall men he crowes,  
But neither (yet) the world effects,  
Nor, He himselfe his foule projects  
Vpon the sanctified Heart,  
Dead to the world and hels blacke Art,  
The Divell (thus) repell'd each way  
With rage recoyles, makes (there) no stay.*

Di. **V**Here are ye my comragnes; my servants  
true?

My Martiall-mates, by whom I must subdue?

What?

What? is there no hope *left* to *lift* or force  
The sullen *Soule* from her religious course?  
Whereon *she* is so fixt and fully bent.  
What? no devise this geere for to prevent?  
Must my high glory suffer such eclipse?  
And be so *child*, nigh *kild* with pious nips?  
Surely, I ever since my first great fall  
Have *burn'd* with lust, and *boyl'd* with bitter gall  
Of deepe desire to fence and fortifie,  
Yea and expatiate our large Emperie.  
Yet still I finde by old experience,  
That whiles the *soule* gets the preheminance,  
Ore *thee* the *flesh*, *reason* the *soule* subjects,  
And *grace* guides *reason*, all hath ill effects:  
My *projects* perish and my *engines* faile,  
My *force* growes feeble and my *power* does vaile.  
Be stirring (then) my *Champions* old and brave,  
For, work enough to doe, yee see ye have.  
Fie, are ye not asham'd more sound to sleep  
Now, than ye us'd, and sluggishly to keepe  
Your hands within your bosomes, since that you  
Have for your *Master* so much work to doe?  
For shame arise, shake off this drowfinesse,  
And *hunt* and *haunt* about with eagerneffe.  
Now is my *Summer-season*, *harvest faire*,  
Which, if by your neglect and want of care  
It be let slip and fruitlesly past over.  
Farewell all hope for ever to recover  
My owne *peculiar strength* and princely state:

O then faire *flesh*, neat, nice and delicate,  
 My faithfull *servant*, whom above the rest  
 I most doe trust and ever prized best;  
 And, on whose strong *assistance* and brave ayde  
 I ever have my *chiefe assurance* stayde,  
 And justly too: For, a *domesticke foe*  
*Wounds the more deeply, gives the deadlier blow.*  
 But what hast thou beene doing all this while?  
 Why dost thou thus waste time? my hopes beguile?  
 What? wilt thou (now) prove *turne-coat*, backward  
 And leave *me* in my most necessity? (flye)

*Fl.* Alas, I know not what to doe or say!  
 My *Mistresse* hath me starv'd and pin'd away;  
 And to hard fastings, *she* harsh stripes does adde,  
 I wretch am nought but skin and bone; too bad.  
 Whereby I am not unto *lust* incited,  
 Nor with lascivious *motions* ought delighted:  
 If I to walke abroad to *friends* affect,  
 I am recall'd, shut up, and soundly checkt;  
 If I desire full *feasts* inflam'd with wine,  
 She useth on me most sharpe *discipline*.  
 What ere is *irkesome* to me she commands,  
 What ere *delightsome*, stricktly *she* withstands.  
 Then, in this case, alas, what should I doe?  
 I cannot *ber* content, and yet serve *you*. (be)  
*Di.* Thou say'st most true. But how may this thing  
 That *she* should so much curb and bridle *thee*?  
 What? hast thou lost all power of *reluctations*?  
 All thy most slye acustom'd *incantations*?



I have thee knowne a most *facetious-Lasse*,  
A nimble *Artist*, apt to bring to passe  
With fine insinuations *her* to prove,  
And, *so*, thy selfe t'ingratiat in her love;  
Where are those fiery tickling *darts* layd by?  
Wherewith thy *soule* thou woundedst frequently?  
Where are (I say) those *carnall cogitations*  
Which with importunate rife molestations  
Did beat upon thy *heart*? occasioned

By *drinke, sleepe, pleasure, flesh-much pampered*?  
Hast thou forgot, that *death* first entrance made  
(flye At those two windowes which the *soule* betrayd?  
Where are (then) those bright sparkling *lights* most  
Which us'd to be *ensnar'd* and to *ensnare*. (fayre?  
Canst thou behold no *face*, as thy fit prize?  
Or hast thou pull'd-out *lust-alluring eyes*?  
Or, is't for love of *vertue*, my chiefe *foe*,  
That thou dost *lifes sweet pleasures* thus forgoe?

*Fl.* My *Mistresse* 'tis that on me does inflict  
A rigid sparing *course* and *life* most strict.

*Di.* And, what of that? must thou therefore be *nice*?

*Fle.* O Sir, a *moderate life* does *murther vice*;  
Quite quencheth *lust*, doth valiant *vertue* nourish,  
Corroborates the *soule*, makes the *minde* flourish,  
And elevate it *selfe* to *things* above;  
(be? Whereby it comes to passe that *I* still prove  
thing More faint and feeble, *she* more active is;  
*She* stronger; *I* more weake to doe amisse.

*Di.* Thou dost endure sharp *slavery* indeed;

I wilh thee (then) shake off thy *yoake* with speed.  
 Deale roundlier with thy *soule*, her tartly chide,  
 For, if so *Saint-like* she in thee abide,  
 And exercise on *thee* such holinesse,  
 Thou loolest *me*, and dost *thy selfe* distresse.  
 Thou must therefore, *beginnings* most withstand,  
 And have *this Sentence* ready still at hand,  
*Pleasure is of all ill the luscious meat.*  
 This, thou must sugredly suggest, repeat  
 Vnto the *minde* of thy great *Mistresse* faire,  
 With *this* thou must her heart entice, ensnare,  
 Which part, by *thee*, with wit and craft well playd,  
 Thou hast the *day*, and *victour* shalt evade.

*Fl.* But, these mine armes unarmed are and faint,  
 My *courage* dead; I can *me* not acquaint  
 With earths *delights*, nor seeke nor yet suggest  
 To any *pleasures*, for I them detest.  
 My nimblenesse of *wit* doth faile me quite,  
*Connative-lust* in me hath lost it's might.  
 I see not ought unlawfully to will,  
 I more wish *food*, than *pleasures* to fulfill.

*Di.* Is it so? returne (then) to thy dust;  
 Thou art not worthy my least *love* or *trust*.  
 Yet stay a while: for I'll to thee call forth  
 My *other agent* of more precious worth.  
 Which, with more care and sedulous respect  
 Will all my high *designes* fully effect.  
 Come neere, most worthy *World*, my stedfast friend,  
 My matchlesse *Mousetrap*, whereinto I send

Belotted

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Befotted sinners, who, with heedlesse hearts  
Are caught, whiles they neglect soule-saving parts,  
Thou, world, I say, who when thou seem'st to smile,  
Dost much more hurt, than when thou dost turmoile.  
And, when thou dost entice to be affected,  
Art most to be avoyded, disrespected;  
Then, with supine neglect to be despised,  
When men by thee are forced or advised.  
Hence 'tis that *they* which have thy favour found,  
Are like *those* men, which in deep seas are drown'd.

Wo. Sir, I am ready and most promptly prest,  
In all things to performe your high behest;  
Most forward, free, t'endure all labours great  
To suffer pinching hunger, cold or heat,  
Yea, and what not? whereby I may expresse  
My bounden Best, to you, with eagernesse.

Di. Hark, dost thou hear my most obsequious Client?  
How readily adrest, how prest and pliant?  
With all approved care his best to bend  
The confines of our Kingdome to extend.

Fl. I heare right well, and cannot choose but smile: \*

D. What makes thee smile, thouthin-skin'd quean most

Fl. His madnes, which al measure doth surmount (vile

D. But, my wise world does thee most sottish count,  
Whose rigid life, thy life hath well nigh spent,  
And strooke thee dead to pleasure and content.

Fl. Nay rather: But what rage of slavish sinne  
Does vex and much perplex all those, within,  
Which thirst so after worlds Wormewood and Gall?

And following him, doe on lifes *shipwracke* fall,  
Enduring (thus) much mischiefe, and the power  
Of impious tyranny, *soules* to devoure.

*D.* What's this? who made thee *such a Preacher*, pray?

*Fl.* She, which me governs and whom I obey.

*Di.* A wretched *service* 'tis to be regarded,  
Where a *sharpe-life* is for *full-pay* rewarded.

*Fl.* Nay rather, *hee's* to foolish *bondage* bent,  
Which serves the *wrangling-Divell*, nere content.

*Di.* Is't possible thou should'st thus saucie be?  
I'll plague *this-pride* with all extremity.

*Fl.* Your threatnings great doe little me affright,  
I need not feare the *Divels* fraud or might;  
Having the *Lord* farre stronger on my part.  
I know ther's *nothing* sweeter to thy heart  
Than, at thy pleasure, *me* to make to sin,  
And having sinn'd, mine *overthrow* to win;  
But, now at last I have resolv'd to leave  
Thy slavish *yoake*, which did me long bereave  
Of my best *liberty*; for, now I see  
How many *sinnes*, to many *Divels* in me:  
And, that unlesse I *these* from me expell,  
The *others* will within me lurke and dwell.  
But, thou hast surely lost a *Mayd* of me;  
And, blest be heaven, whose *grace* hath set me free.  
The *flesh*, well rul'd, is *servant* to the *soule*,  
If *this* doe rule, the *other's* in controule.

*Wo.* Intollerable is thine insolence,  
To heare thee longer, I want *patience*.

And

*Fl.* And, want it still, who cares for that, I pray?

*Wo.* Thou shouldst (I think) give, to thy *elder*, way.

*Fl.* My *elder*, that *thou* art, indeed, I grant,

Not *better*, whiles th'art *Sathans* stiffe *servant*. (*mee?*)

*Wo.* Why? what hadst *thou* been (prethee) without

*Fl.* Nay, but for *me*, what had become of *thee*?

*Wo.* I he *World*, I (surely) evermore had bin.

*Fl.* Nay, rather, a wilde *Desert*, empty, thin.

For, what's the *world*? if *men* do it not furnish,

And, what is *man*? if *flesh* do him not garnish.

*Di.* Thou arguest wittily; But, yet, I say,  
The *world* begirts and hems thee every way.

*Fl.* But, were not *flesh*, in *being*, presuppos'd,  
It could not be begirt and so enclos'd.

*Di.* Well, well; *forbear*, I can no longer *bear* thee:  
Or hold thy peace, or I'll no longer heare thee.

But, if thou (thus) me crosse and contradict,

I'll on thee (soone) my utmost rage inflict.

*Fl.* Thou canst not hurt *one-haire* upon my head  
Vnlesse my *Maker* hath so ordered.

Meane-while, I'll heare what exhortation fine

Thou giv'st the *World* to act all thy designe.

*Di.* I'll let thee heare, if so thou wilt conceale it.

*Fl.* Nay, whatsoere I heare, I'll (sure) reveale it.

ce. Lest, *others*, which thy *counsels* do not know,

Through *ignorance*, themselves do overthrow.

*Di.* Thou treacherous *slut*, go on (then) do thy

It, *thou* forsake me, I have *others* nurs't, (worst,

And nuzled-up, and those of *thine* owne kinne,

And

And

And neere acquaintance, who have ever binne  
My farre more constant active *instruments*,  
Clinging close to me with their full consents.

*Fl.* I doubt it not; But, O that it might be,  
That, *them*, by *grace*, I thoroughly clens'd could see!  
Then, *they*, with *me*, would quickly *thee* forsake,  
And, faithfully, their *sonles* their *soveraignes* make.

*Di.* Come thou to me (*my World*) lend thou thine  
Thou, all my *crafts* & *counsels* (now) shalt heare. (eare

*Wo.* Speak on (*great Sir*) thy *world* is stil and mute,  
To heare thy hests, and then to execute. (bold,

*Di.* Brave *World*, my most renowned *Champion*  
By whom, I most of my large Empire hold;  
Whom, whither I may praise for readinesse  
To my commands; or for *selfe-nimblenesse*,  
In thy *enchanting Arts*; I know not well;  
So bravely *thou*, in *both*, dost beare the bell.  
Meane while, what may I thee most fitly name?

A *theatre* full of *contentions* flame.

Where *all* do act their parts, contend and strive,  
But very few, with *victorie*, do thrive.

Thou hast *circensean-games*, those pristine sports,  
Which have beene exercis'd in *Romes* rare Courts;  
And those, most exquisitely ready made,  
Where, *each* may his affected *course* invade;  
Where thou shalt finde a *Miscellanie* strange,  
All of *all sorts* in their base *courses* range.

There, *first* and *worst* of all, thou maist behold  
The *avaricious*, greedy after gold,

Who

Who want, as well, the *wealth* already got,  
 As, *that*, they tugge and toyle for, and have not.  
 Who ride and run, and sweate and sweare, and lye,  
 By right or wrong, by force or fallacie,  
 To gather heaps of *wealth*, and hoorded gaine,  
 In using *which*, as hopelesse, and as vaine,  
 As if they never had them in their hands:  
 In which respect, here, all the difference stands  
 Twixt greedy *hauers*, and *those*, *nothing*-having  
 That, *these*, in wanting; *those* themselues depraving  
 Of use of what they have, their *state* do show.  
 Either, *things wanted*, they do covet, *so*,  
 That, they may have them; or, *things (now) enjoy'd*,  
 They feare to loose, or, lest they be destroy'd.  
 They, *filthy gaine* before *plaine losse* esteeme,  
 And wealth got *any way*, they pleasant deeme.  
 All nets and snares, all *gins* and *grins* they lay  
 To compasse *coyne*, and make a *gainfull prey*.  
 If *profit* but peep out with halfe an eye,  
 Then are they tickled, netled, eagerly;  
 They *itch* to be made *rich*, and flie to gaine,  
 They *Grace* neglect, which makes me laugh amaine.  
 They sing with *franticks*, and with *fooles* they run  
 I'a painted paire of *stocks*, where th'are undone.  
 For, what else do they, but make their owne snares  
 Whiles hoording *gold*, they heape up *galling cares*?  
 Who knows not how that *Achans* wedge of gold,  
 And *Dagons* house, them to destruction sold?  
 Yet; with such subtil shifts I use to hide

And

Who

And cloake and palliate their *poysonous-side*,  
 That, not least glimpse of *my-fly-worke* appears,  
 Nor of their *owne-salvations-losse*, least feares.  
 And, how (indeed) should they or *feare* or *flie*,  
 The danger, which they cannot finde or spie?  
 Riches are got with toyle, are kept with care,  
 With envy and distrust *encreased* are;  
 At last, with gripes of conscience, grieve of heart,  
 Or, *they* from us, or *we* from them must part:  
 Yet, *these*, the vicious *Avaricious-man*  
 Idolatrously love, yea worship can;  
 And in his heart to them a Church erects:  
 For, *that*, man worships, which he most affects.  
 They, then, that prize gold more than God above,  
 Their goods as gods; land, as their Lord, they love.  
 Next, my brave *World*, within thy compasse wide  
 The *pufft-Ambitious* round about do ride;  
 And, *these* are alwayes *fowlers* for high honours  
 On highest turrets to erect their banners.  
 And, for this end, sleepe from their eyes they banish,  
 And from their minds sweet rest & peace doth vanish.  
 Proudly they perk aloft, unsafely sit,  
 Headlong they tumble, when their barke is split.  
 Whercin, they, *we* their Prince (right) personate,  
 Who, higher railde, fell more precipitate.  
 Briefly, here, in thy courts take their carreire  
*Voluptuous-wanton*s, who no colour feare,  
 Who, for a little *posting-shade* of pleasure  
 Hazard *salvation*, *soules* eternall treasure.

Here More



Here also run the *Wrathfull* frefull Rout,  
 Who swell and swagger, rage and rave about;  
 Who, *Salamander-like*, live best in fire  
 Whose gratefull works answer my great desire.  
 For, if *Peace-makers* be Gods *sonnes* esteem'd;  
 Then (sure) *peace-breakers* must my *sons* be deem'd.  
 Here, run the rabble of hel's *Envious elves*,  
 Who pine at *others*, but most pinch *themselves*.  
 Who are much *vexed* at their neighbours joy,  
 And no lesse *jocond* at their great annoy.  
 Whose base and most malicious inclination,  
 Is unto *me* of passing acceptation.  
 Here, finally, are *sottish-Sluggish-ones*,  
 Who passe their lives like lifelesse *lazier-drones*.  
 All these do ramble in thy circle round,  
 By whom our *treasurie* most rich is found.  
 For, as *Saints souls* are Gods best treasures deem'd;  
 So, I their *spoile* have my best sport esteem'd.  
 Then, buckle to thy businesse, play thy part,  
 Now let me see thine active, expert heart.  
 I may suggest *foule facts* unto the thought,  
 Thou must them urge, & see thē thoroughly wrought.  
 But, if thou long, our *Empire* to enlarge,  
 Thou must most chiefly execute *this charge*;  
 Namely, ith' first place, to remove or stay,  
 Occasions, tending to good, any way.  
 Thou, *many-men* (I thinke and hope) shalt finde,  
 To let alone *forbidden-things* enclinde,  
 Here More out of *shame* or *fear*, than for good-will;

This

This *shame*, thou from their *minds*, must push-off still  
 That, neither *sense* nor *shamefacednesse* therein  
 May curbe or keepe them backe from any *sinne*.  
 This, if thou dost, as easily thou mayst,  
 If thou flinch not, nor from my counsell stray'st,  
 That *goodly troope*, and traine of *seeming-Saints*,  
 Shall, bare and blinde and tnar'd in *sins* constraints,  
 Runne after thee, and thou with *cords* of *vice*,  
 Shalt them to dance after thy *pipe*, entice;  
 And draw them up and downe from *sinne* to *sinne*;  
 From *one* lust to *another*, them to winne:  
 And, thus, they, *tyr'd* and *myr'd* with *sins*, at length,  
 Shall passe before their *driver*, voyd of strength.  
 Meanewhile, *my selfe*, will *nothing* intermit,  
 Which may my thrones enlargement fully fit,  
 And, if thou shew thy selfe my *servant* true,  
 I'll pay thy *worke* the *wages* just and due.  
 I (as thou know'st right well) will exercise,  
 That expert *art*, practis'd by *hunters* wise,  
 Who hunt in garments greene like *groves* and *woods*,  
 Wherby the *Deere*, which 'bout the mountains scuds,  
 They, at more *leasure* with more *pleasure* may  
 Deceive, of life bereave and beare away.  
 Iust so, will I, most nimbly play my part,  
 Now, here: now, there: I up and downe will start;  
 Sometime a *lambe*, sometime a *lyon* stout,  
 Sometime *thick-darknesse*; then, I'll *light* bring out:  
 And so to severall *times*, *conditions*, *places*,  
 I'll put on most fit various *tempting-faces*.

For, to deceive men mourning, I'll be sad,  
 To cheat the cheerful, I'll be merry-mad:  
 To gull the godly (if so be I might)  
 I'll be transform'd into an Angel bright:  
 To sting the strong, I'll seeme a lambe most milde,  
 To murder meeke-ones, ravening wolfe most wilde.  
 Yea, oft, I openly rage, Lyon-like,  
 Oft, with the dragon, secretly I strike.  
 By these means (though, sometimes a strong knit band  
 May our temptations happily withstand)  
 Yet, ther's no doubt, but (at the last) we shall  
 Vpon an happie hoped issue fall.  
 For, no man (alwayes) lives so cautelous  
 But may, sometime, ensnared be by us;  
 So he upon thy pleasing baits do rest,  
 And my most various pills do well digest.  
 For why? much difference must be in th'essayes,  
 To crosse the craft of all my cheating wayes:  
 To beare the frequent, yea continuall blows  
 Of him, whose subtil nature plainly shows  
 His gennine-cunning and fly policie,  
 Got, by hid malice and antiquitie.  
 For, since the time that I from heaven fell,  
 I sella vexing those whom God loves well:  
 Even his deare sonnes: And, never (yet) did cease  
 My hatred gainst that creature to encrease  
 Till I had utterly undone, destroy'd  
 His precious soule, with me, to be annoy'd:  
 That creatures soule (I say) which God did make

His

For

His *master-picce* and *image* blest to take,  
 That he might also, at the last, possesse  
 That heavenly *glory*, matchlesse *blesse*dnesse,  
 Which I through mine owne *pride* most justly lost,  
 And, ever since, hath me most dearly cost.

*Fl.* O, how most plainly hast thou shown *thy selfe*  
 To be the *devill* (indeed) a *damned-elfe*.  
 But, all thy *snare*s and *gins* are laid in vaine  
 So long as I do none of *thine* remaine:  
*Whom onely*, thou dost greedily affect,  
*Whom wholly* thou wouldst impiously infect.  
 For, *whom*, indeed, can all thy *snare*s allure?  
 If, *he*, relying on *my counsell* sure;  
 Refuse *thy cheating counsell* to obey;  
 Tis *mine-owne* simple *softnesse* that makes way  
 For all thy *jugling tricks*; I say, tis I  
 That fit *Voluptuous-lust* for *Venerie*.  
 The *Avaritious* for accursed *gaine*;  
 Th' *Ambitious* for his swelling *loftie-straine*.  
 The *Envious* for his most *malitious heart*:  
 The *Wrathfull* how to act his *raging-part*.  
 The *Gluttonous* for his *lust-breeding-cates*.  
 The *Slothfull*, who for *sleepe* and *slumber* waits.  
 Then, what needs all thy *superfilious* boast?  
 Thou canst but *tempt*, and *try*, and *move*, at most,  
 For, then, if I *resist*, *refuse*, *withstand*,  
 Thou dost but cast thy *seed* upon the *sand*.  
 They, then, which truly are *discreet* and *wise*  
 (And, herein, I ingenuously agnize,

lost, by selfe  
 I speake against *my selfe*) O let them ever  
 Curb *my indulgent nature*, nuzle it never;  
 O let them (alwayes) use all rigidnesse  
 'Gainst *me*, their *Flesh*, which work *mine own* distresse  
 Let them delight to exercise on *me*,  
 What ere may crosse *me* most, most irksome be.  
 But, as for *pleasing-things*, which *me* affect,  
 O let them quickly, wholly, them reject.  
 Which *wholesome counsell* if they timely take,  
 They shall, not onely, *thy* hopes frustrate make,  
 And put *thee*, their *arch-enemie* to flight,  
 But, having with victorious sweet delight  
 Finisht the *battell*, got the *conquest* brave,  
 At last, a *Crowne* of *glory* they shall have. (show

Di. Thou *filthy queane*; why dost thou thy selfe  
 Our most *nefarious*, most *pernicious* toe?

Fle. Because that *He* alone that *me* created,  
 Thus, to *Himselfe* (by *grace*) *me* regulated:  
 When, to my *lust* I full allowance gave,  
 I was *thy servant* and thy wretched *slave*,  
 But, once recal'd and freed from that estate,  
 By holy *abstinence* made moderate,  
 I learn'd my *God*, whom best I ought, to serue;  
 From *thee*, whom first I followed, thus to twerne.

Di. And what? wilt *thou*, my *World*, forsake me too?

Wo. I must forsake thee; what else shall I do?

For, if the *Flesh* forsake *me*, what am I?

On whom my *state* hath its dependencie.

Di. Nay, do not so: rather our *darts* let's cast,

E

And

And force *her* to our *beck* and *check* at last.

*Fl.* He which may forced be, knows not to dye;  
But, I have learn't t' embrace *Death* readily:  
And, dye I will to *sinne*, *thee* to destroy,  
And bid farewell to th' *world* and *worldly-joy*.

*Wo.* If *thou* bid *me* fare-well, I ill shall grow,  
For sake not *me*, for I with *thee* will go.

*Di.* Then farewell *both*, for *Hell's* my onely due,  
Thither I go, from whence I came to you:  
Meane-while; let *all* know *this*, that boldly sinne  
And grieve not at it; *they* have *hell*, within;  
A *hellish-conscience* lodging in their brest,  
And I have *slaves* and *whips* the *same* t' infest.

*An end of the second Dialogue.*

The *Ma*  
Wh  
Wilt  
Tell



# The Third DIALOGUE.

Betweene Man and his Con-  
science.

The Argument of the third Dialogue.

*Man* and his *Conscience* altercate  
About the *Soules* and *Bodies* state.  
*Man* (here) complaines of much unrest,  
That *Conscience* does him fore molest.  
*Conscience*, as much, of *Man* complains,  
That his *ill-doings* her constraines  
To testifie against him still,  
'Cause he resists his *Makers* will.  
Where, by the way, *Conscience* displayes  
Sweet *rules* for ordering *all* his wayes;  
And, to them *both*, true *peace* to winne,  
Finding the cause of *all* in *Sinne*.

The *Man*. **V**Hy, O my *Conscience* dost thou so per-  
plex me?

Why dost thou so much gripe and grinde and vex me?  
Wilt thou, mine inmate, whom I entertaine,  
Tell tales of me, and 'gainst me (thus) complaine?

*Con.* The charge, which I receiv'd to keep in trust,  
*Alive* I looke to: *Dead*, returne I must.

*Ma.* Alas, poore conscience, if I ruin'd be,  
 I prethee what will (then) become of *thee*?

*Con.* How-ere *thou* fare, I'll beare thee company,  
 And the *same smart* we'll suffer mutually.

*Alive* or *dead*, I will thee not forsake,  
 If *thou* live well thou wilt *me* happie make:  
 If *thou* live ill I shall both sigh and groane,  
 And all my griefes and wrongs I will make knowne.  
 For or against thee, I must witnesse beare:

A thousand armies (hence) cannot me feare.  
 And, *this*, I know, that though *Revenge* come late,  
 Yet, tis most *sure*, and layes-on heavy waight.

*Ma.* Wretch that I am, I (then) am quite undone,  
 What shall I do? O whither shall I run? (left,

*Con.* Run? what? to hide thee? Ah, there's no place  
 I am of all *retyring-holes* bereft:

Though thou couldst creepe into *earths* intrals low,  
 Earth, no safe *shelter* could on thee bestow.

If thou more swift than *Easterne-winde* couldst flie,  
 Thou couldst not scape my fierce velocity.

As swift as *thought*, I, th'ayre can penetrate,  
 And, nothing can my course procrastinate:

But, I would *follow*, yea *pursue* thee so,

That I would still, in thine owne footsteps go.

"Then, say not thou, there's *none* can me elpie,

"*None* can me heare, fast shut is *care* and *eye*.

"Who can me view, since *darknesse* me doth hide,

"Since



“ Since strong *stone-walls* close me on every side.  
 “ Since *none* can see me, whom I need to feare,  
 “ Tush, God, my faults does not in mem’ry beare.  
*Vaine*, most *profane* are all such *thoughts* as these,  
 Shall not the *eyes-creator* see with ease?  
 And shall not *he* that made the *ears*, soone heare?  
 Or, *He* that plants the *heart*, know all things cleare?  
 All things to his *Omniscience* naked are;  
 Fly from the *field* to th’*towne* with frighted care,  
 Out of the *street* into thy *house* make haste,  
 Thence, though thou be in thy *bed-chamber* plac’d,  
 Yet, know, that I, by thy *Creators* will,  
 Within thee rest, and am thy *witnesse* still.  
 Whom, if thou with an *evill-eye* behold,  
 To use *those* words, to me, thou wilt be bold,  
 Of *Abab* to *Elias* (impiously)  
*What? hast thou found me, O mine enemy!*  
 And, I, most readily shall answer thee,  
*I have thee found, and must against thee be,*  
*’Cause, thou hast sold thy selfe to worke what’s ill*  
*Before the Lord, which does thy guilt fulfill.*  
 Behold (therefore) I now against thee rise,  
 And bring upon thee purchas’d miseries.

*Ma.* Alas, I then perceive, our foule offences  
 Are most unsafe, though daub’d with faire pretences.

*Con.* What though they could be safe in their com-  
 If, yet, they bring thee to unsure condition? (mission,  
 Or, what good comes to sinners by being hid,  
 If, *guilt*, to hope so, long, does them forbid?

*Ma.* Enforme me (then) good Conscience how I  
Make thee, my gladsome witnesse, in me stay. (may

*Con.* The best and briefest counsell I can give,  
Is, thee t'advise, a *holy-life* to live;

A life inculpable of *crying-crimes*,  
Vnspotted with the *evils* of the times;

A life declaring power of godlinesse,  
A life that heavenly graces doth expresse.

By dying to all *lusts* and foule desires,  
By doing all *good-deeds* that love requires.

By giving freely, what to each belongs,  
*Forgiving*, friendly, all received wrongs.

Not coveting what is anothers right,  
To do, as thou'dst be done by, with delight.

By shunning that which makes the soule to dye,  
Chusing what makes it live eternally.

*Ma.* These are hard tasks and bitter lessons, sure,  
And, such, as *flesh* and *bloud* cannot endure.

*Con.* O, but it will be farre more harsh and hard,  
T'endure the *worme of Conscience* and be barr'd

And shut out from the *Beatifick-sight*  
Of Gods *all-cheering* face and beauty bright,

Which *paine of losse*, doth doubtlesse farre excell,  
All other the most horrid *paines* of hell;

Namely to be, both, torne and tortur'd, there,  
To be *distracted* and *distrest* with feare,

Where, neither, the *tormentors* tyred be,  
Nor, *those tormented* (ever) death can see.

*Ma.* Alas, that *Death's* most dire and tart, indeed,

Ab,

Ah, shew me how I may from it be freed.

Con. The *onely-way* is to the *world* to dye,  
Before thy *soule* out of *this world* doth flye.

Ma. What? must this *spacious, specious, Edifice*  
Adorn'd with *rarities* of precious price,  
Full of so many *various, curious* pleasures  
The *onely magazine* of so much treasures,  
Must *this*, I say, be vilipended so?

Must I this world, so *rare, so faire*, forgo?

Con. Vndoubtedly, if thou in *these* delight,  
With deadly danger *they* thy *soule* will smite.  
For, look, how much the *flesh* this *world* affects  
And the *false-seeming-sweets* thereof respects;  
So much the more the *soule* will be perplext,  
And, with the *fire of hell* be plagu'd and vext:  
On th'other side, How much the *flesh* is tam'd,  
So much the *soule* with heavenly *hope* is flam'd.

Ma. But yet, we see, *all men* do still desire  
The *present-state*, tis *this* they most require.

Con. But yet, I know, tis far the worst condition,  
T' enjoy *things-present* in a full fruition;  
But, therewithall, to be quite stript and bare,  
Of *future-comforts* to have part or share.  
O, tis most sweet, *onely* the *world* to use:  
But, *God alone* t' enjoy, and chiefe to chuse!  
Thou hast not in this world a *fixed station*,  
Nor, here, must (ever) have thy habitation:  
Who, then, can sing his *Song* in a *strange-land*?  
Who would build *Castles* on the *sinking-sand*?

Alas, we (here) our *selves* should so behave,  
 That, when the *wormes* did eate our *corps* in grave,  
 Our *soules*, in *heaven*, triumphantly might sing,  
 With quires of *Saints* and *Angels* to *heav'ns King*.  
 Thither our *spirit* ever should ascend,  
 Whither we do propound our *journies-end*.  
 Thither we should make speedy haste, yea flie,  
 Where we shall *ever* live, and *ner-e-more* die.  
 Dost thou *pure gold*, nere to be spent, desire?  
*Eternall-life*, which, never ends, require.  
 The land of *Havilah*, in *Paradise*,  
 Hath in it, store of *gold* of precious price.  
 Tis *Earth* thou bear'st, that, thou must leave behinde,  
 Tis *earth* thou tear'st, *that*, thou must nere-more mind  
 But, tis a *land* thou seek'st, and would'st receive,  
 That is the *land* which thou shalt never leave.  
 Men, rather, are *Gods Stewards*, than *Treasurers*,  
 Riches (therefore) upon them He conferres.  
 What (then) we *reape*, we piously should sowe  
 And *liberally* and *lovingly* bestow.  
 That, *this true faith* and due *obedience*,  
 Might be repayd with *heav'nly recompence*.  
 The things we give are *small* and not *our owne*;  
 Those we shall have are *great*, and from *Gods throne*.  
 Men, whose *affections* are celestiall,  
 Are justly stil'd *Angels terrestriall*;  
 And, *no man* shall (hereafter) *God* possesse,  
 In whom, *God* dwels not (here) by *holinesse*.  
 If, *Sathan*, Prince of *earth*, hath thy *least part*,

God, King of heav'n, will not dwell in thy heart.  
The spirit of evill (then) cast out, disdaine,  
That so thou mayst Gods Spirit entertaine.  
Remember, whence thou cam'st, thine offspring base,  
And, this will make thee blush and hide thy face;  
Consider, where thou art, and sigh for wo,  
And, quake, to thinke, whither, thou (once) must go.

Ma. All are (I know) made of one Potters clay,  
And, must resolve into the same, one day.

Con. Then, every man, being mould, must into earth,  
Moulder away, whence, first, he took his birth. (froth

Ma. Nothing's more true. Con. And, Flesh is but a  
Cloth'd with fraile beauty, a meere menstruous cloth.

Man. Tis even so, I can it not denie.

Con. Why (then) dost thou so fat and beautifie  
That Flesh of thine, which after a short while  
Must be devour'd, in grave, by wormes most vile.  
But, as for thy poore soule, thou let'st it pine,  
Nor, dost with good works make it faire and fine.  
Which, thus, to God and's Angels thou shouldst show  
Thou dost not (sure) the price of thy soule know.

Man. Yes, very well. Con. I feare the contrarie;  
For, else, thou wouldst not it so vilifie.  
Know, this, O Man, know this, I say to thee:  
The losse of one soule, greater losse to be,  
Than of a thousand bodies: for, tis plaine,  
Bodies may be reviv'd, that have bin slaine:  
But, O, the soule which once by sinne is dead,  
Can never be to life recovered,

But

But by a *miracle*, *Christs blood* apply'd,  
Which cannot be, where it is still deny'd.  
O, then, behold, and *blush* to see thy *sloth*,  
Or, rather, sinfull *fortifnesse*, or *both*:  
In (thus) preferring *barke* before the *tree*:  
*Shels* 'fore the *kernels*, *flesh* 'fore the *soule* in me.  
Not onely *blush* at *this*, but *sigh* and *groane*  
Whiles thou considerest how th'art left alone,  
Here, in a *region* full of enemies,  
Ready and greedy *thee* for to surprise,  
Where are *domesticke-traytors* worst of all,  
Where *Death* is in the *pot* to worke thy fall.  
And, where thy *foe* stands ready, thee to catch,  
And thou hadst need to stand upon thy watch.  
And, *here* and *there* to cast a carefull eye,  
And, *every where* all dangers to descrie.  
Not onely, *blush* and *sigh*, but *quake* with woe,  
When thou remembrest *whither* thou must go:  
Namely, into a *land* most darke and drie,  
A *lake* that burnes with *brimstone* furiously,  
A *place* of *punishment* and *tortures* great,  
Where hideous *horror* hath eternall seat:  
Where is no *order*, but *confusion* strange,  
Where *error*, *terror* fiercely raigne and range.

*Ma.* Is there no hopefull nor no helpfull place?

*Con.* No, none at all. *Where* God is not by grace,  
*There* he is present by revengefull power,  
The wicked, like dry *stubble*, to devoure.  
For, if, thou hast not God, thy *Father* kinde,

A wrathfull *judge* thou wilt him, surely, finde.  
But, if thou long and labour to avoyde  
Gods vengeance, let thy *pains* be all employde,  
In walking in the *wayes* of Gods commands,  
Wherein (indeed) a *Christians beauty* stands.  
Which is the *mirrour* or best *looking-glasse*,  
Where *all* may see the *paths* they ought to passe.  
Which is the *summe* of our *Religions* state,  
His *image*, whom we serve, to imitate.  
Christs *lovely-lover*, is his *lively-picture*,  
As he is figur'd in the *holy Scripture*.  
He beares a *Christians badge* and *title* true,  
Which him, a *Christian*, by his *deeds* doth shew.  
For, tis but *halse-enough* to *bud* and *blow*,  
Vnlesse in *good works*, we, *full-ripe* do grow.  
He lives but badly, which don't *well beleieve*,  
Faith, with *unfruisfull lives*, does but deceive.  
True faith will not be *clos'd*, but will *breake out*,  
If, *life* be in the *tree*, *fruit* forth will sprout:  
So, if, *firme faith* hath in the *heart* due place,  
It will *shine forth* in *vertues sparkling grace*.  
For, wherefore is *Mans body* laid to die?  
Because the *soule* does thence expire and flie:  
So, how else is it that the *soule* is dead?  
But, because *faith* is not there harboured.  
Thy *Soules life* (therefore) is thy *faith sincere*;  
And *Faiths-life* (best) by *good works* doth appeare.  
Man. Alas, *this* being so, *what* is my *cale*?  
Having bin *such a stranger* to *true grace*.

*Con.*

*Con.* Sure, all the while that *Grace* hath in thee ceas'd  
Thou hast not bin a *man*, but a meere *beast*.  
For, without *knowledge* of our *God*, indeed,  
All men are like *bruit beasts* in fields that feed.

*Man.* This I confesse, therefore I pray thee show  
Which way I may *God* and *my selfe* well know?

*Con.* In *Holy-Writ*, thou shalt the *right-way* finde,  
Into what *Paths* thy foot must be enclin'd.  
There is the *light*, which will the *way* direct,  
There is the *life*, which thou must best affect.

*Man.* But yet whiles *thou*, within *me* art offended,  
All *holy duties* by *me* best intended,  
Are tedious and most troublesome to *me*,  
Nothing, *well done* (as I desire) I see.  
Every thing clouded is with discontent,  
Unsweet, unsavory, lumpish, negligent;  
I therefore first, and most desire to see,  
A reconciliation made 'twixt *thee* and *mee*,  
That so more *freely* and more *fruitfully*  
I may performe *all acts* of *piety*.

*Con.* Would'st thou, indeed, have *me* full pacifi'd  
Thou(then) must please *me*, or else I shall chide,  
For, whatsoere against *me* is committed,  
Is but a *building* unto *hell-fire* fitted.  
It therefore, either *fear* of *punishment*,  
Or, *hope* of *high reward* to full content,  
Can win thee ought and wooe thee to be wise  
If *quietnesse* of *minde*, a precious *prize*,  
It *peace* of *conscience*, a *continuell feast*,

Which



Which every good man strives to have encrease,  
 May thee incite, then do not me provoke,  
 Nor, with the grins of sins thy selfe fast yoake.  
 The Sea my Nature doth most aptly show  
 Whereon, if any filthy foame doth flow,  
 Any dead karkasses or slimy-weeds,  
 It, into furious boylings, soone proceeds,  
 It rages, rumbles, tumbles, all about  
 And is not quiet, till it quite throw out  
 Those filthy scums upon the bankes and shore,  
 Of which it seem'd to labour much before;  
 That, thus, it eas'd of that superfluous stuffe.  
 Might calmed be and cease to be so rough :  
 So, I my selfe, thy conscience, use to swell,  
 To boyle and toyle, to rise and rage; untill  
 The lees and dregges, the least Remaines of sinne,  
 Be utterly expelled from within.  
 For, nothing does me so much presse, oppresse,  
 As, wilfully-committed-wickednesse;  
 With whose intollerable burthen prest,  
 I can enjoy no rest.  
 Would'st thou, therefore ever merry be,  
 Would'st thou, continually, me cheerefully see,  
 When 'tis thy part, timely, with due zeale,  
 My soares (thy sinnes) with Penitence to heale.  
 For, looke, how-much man lees and knowes his sinne,  
 The more to grone and grieve he does begin;  
 And, true repentant-teares are Angels-wine,  
 With these, the soule being washt, in heav'n wil shine.  
 Which  
 Dost

Dost thou desire (then) to be never sad?  
Tis a *good-conscience*, that makes ever glad.

*Man.* Alas, I *knew* all these, before you spake,  
But, never yet, right use of them did make.

*Con.* Vnprofitable is that *science*, sure,  
Which, comfort to the *conscience* don't procure.  
Indeed there is *much-science* every where,  
But, *little-conscience* does abroad appeare.  
What good will *science* or great *knowledge* doe?  
If *conscience* be *uncleane*, *obscene*, in you.  
Thou shalt not be, at Gods last dreadfull day,  
Arraigned by the *Booke* of *science* gay;  
But, by the *booke* of *conscience*, every-one  
Shall answer, at the *Lords tribunall throne*.

*Such* (then) as, at that *great day*, thou wouldst be,  
*Such*, let the Lord (*now, in this life*) thee see.

*Conscience*, is a voluminous *great-Booke*,  
Whereinto, whofoere doth please to looke,  
Shall find *all* writ ith *stile* of *verity*,  
And with the *pen* of doubtlesse *certainty*.

And, *thence* (ith *day of judgement*) wilbe sought,  
Not, *how much* hast thou *read*, but how much *wrought*,  
Not, *how well* hast thou *spoke*, what good words given?  
But, to *live well*, how hast thou car'd and striven?

*Man.* O! Woe is me; if *this* (alas) be so,  
What I shall *say* or *doe*, I doe not know.  
I see and have *scene*, *shamefull-things*, and yet,  
I have not bin *asham'd* or *blusht* at it.  
I find and feelee *things* bitter and most tart,

Yet, have not (as I ought) bin griev'd at heart.

Con. I, *this is it* (indeed) that makes *me* sad;  
For, tis *thy only* grieve that makes *me* glad.  
For, by how much the more, *thou sencelesse* art;  
So much the more *I sigh* and *sob* and *smart*:

*Thy teares* are *healing-sents* to cure *my woe*,  
Which, if they from within doe gush and flow,  
*Sins-pardon*, *life*, unto thy *soule* thou gain'st,  
And, *peace of conscience*, inwardly obtayn'st.  
For, *evils-past*, hurt not, if not affected,  
But, if *sins shame* be in *this life* neglected,  
The *future thought* thereof will worke much blame,  
And, thou wilt *grieve* for want of *former shame*.

Man. But yet, *this one thing*, I would gladly know,  
*Wherefore* thou dost *distract*, *distresse* me so?  
For, if thy *prickes* did me not *waking* keepe,  
Might, a *nights*, more sound and sweetly sleepe.  
*Thou* being quiet *none* would me molest,  
Nor, with *such* turmoyles my *payre peace* infest.

Con. I told you at the first, and tis most true;  
He that made *you*, made *me* a *mate* for *you*,  
*Hea*, your *in-mate* and *fellow* up and downe,  
To *vex* you, or with *comfort* you to crowne.  
Now, marke this well; a *sinner's* sleepe and rest,  
Can never pleatant be, to *him*, at best.  
For, all the *naps* Man takes not in the *Lord*,  
Nought else but *evill* doe to him afford.  
Thinke not (therefore) *thy selfe* secure to be,  
Although thou dost no open *witnesse* see;

For,

For, when a *Body* in a *sunshin e-day*  
 Is seene without a *shadow* ; then, I say,  
 And not till then, a *mans soule* may be found  
 Vnto no *Conscience-testimony* bound.

But, why dost thou still lay the blame on *me*,  
 Of all thy *trouble* and *anxietie* ?  
 Behold, the spightfull *sp'rite*, to us, drawes nigh,  
 That brings upon *us-both* our *miserie*.

*Man.* Alas, what is it, where is it, I pray ?

*Con.* Thou shalt it see anon; but now give way,  
 And in those *bushes* hide *thy selfe* a while.  
 For, ever since *sinne* did thee (first) beguile,  
 Thou cunningly knewst how *thy selfe* to hide  
 In *shadie shrubs*, thy *nakednesse* being ey'd :  
 Which *nakednesse* being seene to thy *disgrace*,  
 Thou guiltily didst flie from *Gods blest face*.

*Man.* O that's too true; I thinke on't (*now*) with *woe*;  
 But, I'll forbear, since thou wilt have it so:  
 Goe to that *Witch*, I pray, whiles I, a space,  
 Doe up and downe this *Thicket* walke and trace.

*The end of the third Dialogue.*



The Fourth DIALOGUE.

Betweene Conscience, Sinne,  
and Man.

The Argument of the fourth Dialogue.

*Here Conscience does encounter Sinne,  
'Twixt whom, hot bickerings doe begin.  
For, tender Conscience eas'ly spies  
Sins Wiles and Guiles and Fallacies.  
Sin, also boldly, by the way,  
Her Soule-bane Baits does full display;  
And faine therewith would conscience catch,  
But Conscience wisely doth her watch.  
Man, to his Conscience comes at last,  
And all due blame on Sinne doth cast.  
Resolving, Sin, (now) to detest,  
So, He and Conscience sweetly rest.*

Con. **VV** Hat? Sin? Ill-met; whither so fast  
do'st go?

THE Sin. To meet thee still, whether thou wilt or no.

F

Con.

*Con.* I thinke no lesse indeed, else thou would'st not  
So *pertly* and *apertly* plod and trot.  
But, be assur'd thou shalt as welcome be  
To *me* and my *house*, when ere I thee see,  
As *water* to a *ship*, *clouds* at a *Feast*,  
Which (then) intrude, when they are look't for least.

*Sin.* Yet, who is *he*, that *me* not much esteemes?  
Or, *me* unworthy his acquaintance deemes?

*Con.* Yet, herein thou *thy selfe* most plainly show'st  
A subtile *Syrene*, wheresoe'er thou go'st.  
For, with thy most *nefarious* *inchantations*  
Thy *cheating charmes* and *slye insinuations*  
Thou never cealest to bewitch, abuse,  
All that this *worlds* vast *Sea* to sayle doe use. (me)

*Sin.* The fault's *their own*; why do they not forbear  
And stop their *eares* & then they need not heare me.

*Con.* O that they would, how happy were they then.  
But, O, thou hast a *hooke*, wherewith, *poore men*,  
*Poore carelesse men* (thy wiles that have not watch,  
Nibling the *Bait*) are couzned (*so*) and catcht.  
For, to the *proud* and supercilious breast,  
Thou, *high* and *huge* and *hard things* dost suggest.  
Perswading them *inferiours* to disdain,  
And, at *great meetings* for *prime-place* to straine  
To scorne the company of *meane* and *poore*,  
Whereas indeed the *gaine* would be farre more  
Vnto their credit so to use *inferiours*,  
As they would used be by their *superiours*.  
So, when thou dost the *avaricious* finde,

With

With *quenchlesse-thirst* of gold thou fir'st their minde.  
 Who, still the more they have, doe crave the more,  
 And, *Tantalize* in midst of copious store,  
 Tyred *all day*, with toyle; *all night* with care;  
 And (whereby they most miserable are)  
 The lesse they need, the more they covet still.  
 Now, *every sinne* (chiefly *this ancient-ill*  
*Of avarice*) is harder farre to cure,  
 In *old-men*, than it is in *young-men*, sure;  
 Which is most strange; since *old-men* neer their grave,  
 In that respect, should, mindes more *holy* have.  
 If thou (again) meet with *voluptuous mates*,  
 Thou, ready hast for them, most *pleasant baits*,  
 (me) Faire *Ivory-beds*, richly embroydered,  
 Whereon, themselves, at ease, to stretch and spread,  
 Adorn'd with flowers, perfum'd with odours sweet,  
 Indulge their lewd and lustfull *bodies* meet.  
 (me) Faire-fac'd *Companions*, drencht in deeds unchaste,  
 Places and Playes, idly their houres to waste.  
 Finally, *all in one word* to conclude,  
 Thou, evermore, mens mindes dost vexe, delude  
 With *choyce of cheating-tricks*, new fopperies,  
 And, either having quite *put-out* their eyes,  
 Or, with *full-sight* dost them so much bewitch,  
 That, headlong, they fall in thy *deadly-ditch*.  
*Sin.* Why? what a stirre is here? why brand you me  
 With this *blacke-coale* of odious-treacherie?  
*Con.* Dost aske me why? 'cause thou deservest worst  
 Of *all men* living, of *me*, most and first.

With

F 2

Whom

Whom, day by day, thou dost to plague and paine,  
 As if *those punishments* which Poets faine  
 To be upon *some men* impos'd, inflicted,  
 Who, in their *lives* had been to *lust* addicted,  
 To *cruelty*, beaſtiall *licenciousneſſe*;  
 Were exercis'd on *me*; with *ſuch* diſtreſſe,  
 And deepe diſtraction, am I daily drencht,  
 With *ſuch* great gripes, ' in wardly am pinch't,  
 That all my *paines* ſeeme *Hornet-ſtings* or bites  
 Or *Sathans Buffets*, when to *hell* he ſmites.  
 And, which is *moſt* and *worſt*, no helpe I finde,  
 So long as *thou* art in my *ſight* and *minde*,

*Sin*. Theſe peeviſh *Whinnels*, ever, wretched are;  
 But, *many*, much more wretched I doe fare,  
 Than need requires, complaining cauſeleſſy.  
 But, I, *even-now*, obſerv'd thee teſtifie,  
 And 'gainſt *me* urge that I deſerv'd worſt  
 Of *all men*, but of *conſcience* moſt and firſt.  
 Tell me, I pray, *who, me*, firſt *Being*, gave?  
 Was it not *Adam* that made *all men* have  
 By *one-inceſſant-line*, right to *damnation*?  
 For, *all* in *Adam*, ſinning, loſt *ſalvation*.  
 I, ſurely, *mine owne maker* could not be;  
 He was my *Maker*, who, as ſoone as hee  
 Was ſenſible of *thee*, flew from *Gods* face  
 To hide him 'mongſt the *trees* in *conſcious-caſe*.  
 Flew to the *tree* (I ſay) whole bitter fruit  
 Had he (herein, than *any beaſt*, more brute)  
 Ne're taſted; he had not offensive bin,

And,



And, so had nere begotten Me, call'd Sinne.  
 Why dost thou (then) so much of me exclaim?  
 'Tis man alone, is worthy all the blame.  
 'Tis he alone that digged his owne pit,  
 And, by selfe-folly, so fell into it.  
 He waxed proud and saucily desired,  
 To be like God, to be a God, aspired;  
 But, thereby, he most like the Divell became,  
 Hence flow thy teares, this did mans mischief frame.

Con. Oh I confesse it. Sin or Sathan either,  
 Than this, thou say'st, spake nothing truelier ever.  
 But yet I cannot choole, but much admire,  
 How thy incessant toyle does thee not tyre.

Sin. Pish. That which pleaseth, never tyreth any.  
 And herein, I finde instigations many.  
 Hatred of good, love and delight in ill,  
 The depravation of mans first free-will.  
 These are the Chariot-wheeles on which I roule  
 And range about t'effect my fancie-toule.  
 My Waggoner is waggish-Vanity,  
 Which drives my Horses (lusts) most furiously.  
 Hence I, so indefatigable, rest,  
 Being of most various-pleasures (still) posselt.  
 If, proudly, I to prance abroad affect,  
 With rich and rare apparell I am deckt.  
 Which, of the newest fashion must be made,  
 Whereby beholders eyes on me are stayd,  
 With gazing admiration, and thus, I,  
 Admire my selfe, as much as passers-by.

If, I my *flesh* to pamper doe delight,  
 My *Table* ready furnisht is in sight,  
 With luscious *cates* and *delicates* most deare,  
 With all choice *rarities* that make good cheere.  
 If I be farre from *Sea*, I *Fish* affect,  
 If neere the *Sea*, I *Flesh* doe most respect.  
 There's *nothing new*, but I long for it, have it,  
*Nothing* so *costly*, but my *lust* doth crave it.  
 If, I a *Dancing-match* or *Play* would see,  
 Thither I haste, where thickest *clusters* be.  
 Nor can the *Mimicke-Actors* give content,  
 Nor fond *Spectatours* be to pleasure bent  
 If I be *absent* : For, in publike meetings  
 Where I see *vanity* use pleasing greetings,  
 There I am quickly present, there I finde  
 Not any, but is prest to please my *minde*,  
 My pleasant *presence* yeeldeth *such* delight,  
 That *all things* are most *joviall* in my sight.

*Con.* Hence I collect, that *sin*s most prompt intention  
 Is exercis'd in *Actions* of *Invention*.

*Sin.* You hit the very *white*. For, *sinne* is ever  
*Pregnant* and *active*, and is *idle* never;  
 But, *one thing* from *another* (still) begets,  
 And, so an edge upon her *Lovers* whets.

*Con.* Nay rather, *sinne* makes them the more *secure*,  
*Security* does them to *sloth* enure.

*Sin.* What if it doe? with *this* soft *lethargie*  
 Whiles I doe *mine*, thus, cocker cunningly,  
 I tye them *closetier* to me, *every day*,

They

*The last Trumpet.*

71

They are my *shades* and follow me, each way.  
They are my *Souldiers* and will for me fight,  
They, as good *servants*, serve me with delight.  
And, *so much* they expresse to me their love,  
And their firme *stedfastnesse* to me approve,  
That, like good *Citizens*, they readily  
Will lose their *lives* to prop my *liberty* :  
Nor thinke they any toyle too much, they take  
To shew themselves obsequious for *my sake*.  
For, *they* which love, or labour not at all,  
Or, love their *labour*, or account it *small*.

*Con.* But, certainly, *nothing* doth sooner fade  
And putrifie, than *love*, thus weakely laid.  
Since all thy *promises* so goodly thought,  
Like *snow* before the *sunne* doe come to nought.  
Nay rather, to the *soule* that in them joyes,  
They bring a deadly *sting* and dire *annoies*.

*Sin.* Dost thou not think my *promise* prevalent ?

*Con.* Yes; for *who ere* is thereof *confident*,  
Is *pressed downe* t' *eternall-Death*, thereby;  
For *this* men finde by most sad certainty,  
That *nought* is worse than *sinners Happinesse*;  
That, ther's no *woe*, where is no *wickednesse*.

*Sin.* But, *one* among a *thousand*, let me see,  
That is of *this* severe conceit with *thee*.

*Con.* Ah, though I cannot *one*, 'mongst *many*, show,  
Yet, more's their *madnesse* and sure *overthrow*.

*Sin.* This is *your* *centure*; *who* thinks so beside ?  
T' enjoy *things present*, all doe (best) abide,

And ever have done so. Let them that feare

For future and contingent cases care.

*Better's one Bird in hand, than two i<sup>n</sup> th bush,*

*Future uncertainties who'll prize a Rush?*

*Things present, being pleasant in our sight,*

Are therefore more desir'd and most delight.

*Con.* Hence 'tis (indeed) that men so dote and erre;

Hence they their *Syrene-pleasures* so preferre,

Because they walke not (here) by *faith*, but *sense*,

Hurried along with loose *improvidence*,

But, if they did consider seriously

*This life* to be a *perpetuity*

Of *sad repentance*, since, all *vices* here,

The longer us'd, the stronger doe appeare;

And, what they loose by thus observing thee,

And what they get by being from thee free,

How little would they joy, how much lament?

How little time of *grace* would be *mis-pent*?

With how small pleasure and how slender joy

They (thus) incurre *perpetuall annoy*?

“Whereas, if *all* that ere from *Adam* came,

“And, all of *these* were *Preachers* of choice fame,

“And, all *these* *Preachers* hels *least-pains* should preach

“*These* *all*, could not hels *least paine* fully reach,

“Nor can it be imagined or knowne,

“What parts from *torture*: (there) will be alone,

“And, that no *anguish* of all temp'rall smart

“May to th' *eternall woes* which pierce the heart

“Of *damned soules* in *Hell*, compared be.

If these, and such like things, men right would see,  
 And seriously consider; *nothing*, then,  
 (O, thou *prodigious mischief* of all men)  
 Nothing (I say) would they account or deeme  
 More foule than thee, nothing more base esteeme.  
 And so would shunne thee, as a *snake* i' th' way,  
 Or, as a *Viper* on their hands that lay. (know  
 Yea, though they knew (which, then, man does not  
 That, God, for such a sinne, would mercy show,  
 Yet, for sins filth and selfe most odiousnesse,  
 Men would abhorre and hate (so) to transgresse.

S. Forbeare, I pray, *whence* gush these great cōplaints

C. Sins curst *incroachment*s are their chiefe cōstraints;  
 By whose most impious *charmes* and *flatteries* taire,  
 Men, into *bruit beasts* meramorphiz'd are.  
 Who, *doffing* their most due *humanity*,  
 Put on most belluall *inconcinnity*.

For, unto whom, that hath his eyes in's head,  
 Is it not palpably discovered?

How *chastity* is hazarded in *pleasures*!

*Humility* quite lost in *beaps* of *treasures*!

How *piety* is choakt in *worlds-affaires*!

How *truth*, by *ratling* fals on *lying-snares*!

How *charity*, by this worlds *bravery*,

Is froze to death, or turn'd to *knavery*!

Sin. Tush, tush, these hazards little trouble me.

C. Yet, thou, them breed'st, & they my *burthens* be.

Sin. I rather thinke, *this* thy minds *maladie*  
 Proceeds from *selfe-pusillanimitie*.

Thou

Thou hast (it seemes) a *stomacke*, queazie, sick,  
On which, each little *more* does *nauseous-stick*:  
And, *that*, which others hold a tender *spring*,  
Precisely, *thou*, count'st, than a *Beame*, more big.

*Con.* A soft and tender-conscience man must cherish,  
Not *bruise* or *breake* it, and so make it perish.

*Sin.* Well, go-to, then; If thou so tender be,  
Why art thou not to my delights, more free?

*Con.* Because thy pleasures make my heart more sad,  
Nor, any true content in them is had.

Such an *aperition*, or *by-way* to joy,  
Is joyes desertion, *high-way* to annoy.

Such *toyes* and *trifles*, best effects of vice,  
Can't a good-conscience, to thy lure, entice.

But, tell me, did'st thou never heare or know,  
*Good conscience price*, *bad-conscience plague* and wo?

*Sin.* I never knew of either's price or paine. (plaine.

*Con.* Now, then, thou shalt, and understand them  
*Good-conscience* is a cabinet of treasure;

An everlasting-feast, full of true-pleasure.

Contrariwise, than conscience-naught and bad,

A greater plague and paine cannot be had.

For, it hath made a *finall-separation*,

Twixt it and peace and constant contentation.

For, as, to good-men, goodnesse is rich gaine;

So, wickednesse is wicked-mens dire paine.

*Sin.* This thy precisenesse and austeritie,  
Will never suffer thee live cheerfully.

*Con.* O, farre be it, that any should suppose,

*Such*

*Such joy in Sin, as from sweet vertue grows.  
Whose rich reward is God himselfe, no lesse,  
Who, vertue gives to those whom He will blesse.  
In whom, my joy is safe lockt-up and hid,  
In whose exchange, who ever would me bid  
The world and all its pleasures in my hand;  
Yea, though they were, in number, as sea-sand,  
Yet, should they not my heart allure to leave,  
My joy in God, and so my soule deceive.*

*Sin. But yet, for all this, this worlds happinesse  
(For, other I know none) I still professe,  
Is the most excellent, and much depends  
On choice of merry-mates and joviall-friends.  
On hunting after honours, heaping treasures,  
And, on enjoying various sorts of pleasures.  
But, these (belike) are wholly opposite,  
To vertues practise and approv'd delight.*

*Con. Thou art mistaken. Vertues are, indeed,  
True riches; not bale wealth, which earth doth breed,  
Worlds wealth to serue, is God to disobay.  
And, though worlds-service does to worldlings, pay  
Some seeming joy; yet (ever more) Gods Saints  
Finde it a clog and cause of great complaints.  
These do it estimate their prime perfection  
To passe this desert, by Gods Spirits direction.  
This state of grace, heav'ns glorious place, they count  
To be neere-kinne, and long to climbe that Mount.  
The worth of all this world, hels worke they deeme,  
Earths honours, they, earths tumours do esteeme.*

But

*Such*

But, to performe Gods sacred will and pleasure,  
They count their souls most high and happy treasure.

*Sin.* What prat'st thou of thy silly Saints to me?  
They are not of my fold, nor ere will be.

And, their encrease, does decrease my great powers;  
But, who comes yonder? a true friend of ours;

My docible youngscholler; Man, no Saint,  
And, that's my joy, whom I must (now) acquaint  
With my rare rudiments. For, I suppose,  
What's humane (touching vice) within him grows.

*Man.* Aye me, of all men living, most forlorne;  
I too-too long, in silence, have forborne;  
But, now I neither can nor will forbear.  
Wilt thou not cease to hunt me every where?

*Sin.* Tis thou that hunts and haunts me to and fro.

*Ma.* I must confesse it: but, for doing so,  
I now am overwhelm'd with woe and shame,  
Yet, this my sense of sins most deadly blame,  
Being the first and firme step to salvation,  
Makes me find hope of my Regeneration.

*Sin.* How's that? this gives me very poore content.

*Ma.* I do confesse (I say) with full assent,  
That I have sinn'd, and it was onely I,  
Not foolish fortune, or my destiny,  
No, nor the devill, but evill in mine owne brest,  
I therefore onely 'gainst my selfe protest,  
And, if I should thee (O my conscience blame,  
Or, thinke my sinne from any other came,  
I, to those dogges might be resembled right,

Which



Which (as divine *Plato* doth truly write)  
Do snap and snarle and bite the *rowling stone*,  
Cast at them; but, regard not *whence* twas throwne.  
No rather, now at last, with *weeping eyes*  
And *wofull heart*, against *my selfe* I rise;  
Whom I have made my worst *intestine foe*,  
And treacherously ensnar'd my *soule* in woe.  
Nor, do I *onely* 'gainst *my selfe* thus rise,  
But, make a serious *solemne-vow*, likewise,  
(Heav'n ratifie the same) that I will ever,  
From this time forward, use my best endeavour  
That, *thou* (O *sinne*) *shipwracke* of mans *salvation*  
Shalt nere, in *me*, have *willing habitation*.  
But, if by *force*, thou wilt *breake in* againe,  
Yet, thou shalt never *domineere* and *raigne*.

Con. A pious *vow*, and godly *resolution*,  
The *Lord* will (surely) bring to blest *conclusion*.

Ma. I doubt it not, and therefore will persist,  
And, since I seeme, of *two parts* to consist,  
A *Soule* and *Bodie*: If the first of these  
By any *smallest sinne*, hath *least disease*,  
It *stings* and *wrings* thee strait, with bitter *smart*,  
O my *syntericke*, *sinne-opposing-part*!  
I therefore purpose a *new course* to take;  
Whereby, my *conscience*, I may chearfull make  
Whereby, my *soule* I may with *grace* renourish.  
And, my *internall family* may flourish,  
And, as for *thee*, my *flesh*, since thou art apt,  
To draw in *sinne*, and be by *sinne* entrapt;

[Yea,

Yea, *Sin*, as *water*, to drinke in, and sucke,  
 (And, *he* which addeth *sin* to *sin*, doth plucke,  
 And hale his *soule* to *hell*, as with a *rope*)  
 Thou delicate *sine-Philistine*, I hope,  
 I shall *thee* tame, new-mould, and mortifie,  
 Nere let *thee* rest, till thou, with *me*, comply,  
 To dye to *sinne*, till I have runne my *race*,  
*All this* I trust, by *power* of *heavenly* *grace*.

*Con.* Most sweetly thou resolv'st; O ever may  
 God, by his *Spirit*, perfect it, I pray.

*Sin.* Well, if *thou* me forsake, I'll *others* finde,  
 Who, will *me* entertaine, and use more kinde:  
 For, whiles, on earth, there *any men* remaine,  
 I make no doubt, but I shall rule and raigne.

*Ma.* But, I will frustrate all thy hope in *me*,  
 If, to my *wotes*, my *God* propitious be;  
 Now (then) my *conscience*; let us *both* go in,  
 And, since *we* are thus fairely freed of *Sinne*,  
 So hatefull to us *both*, now, mutually,  
 Let us rejoyce with sweet *tranquility*.

*An end of the fourth Dialogue.*

God.

To c

So

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G



**The fift DIALOGUE.**

*Betweene God and the Soule.*

The Argument of the fift Dialogue.

God (*here*) the Soule most kindly greets,  
With many sacred sugred sweets;  
Even wooes the Soule free-love i' embrace,  
Assures it of assistant-grace.  
The sanctified-soule complies,  
Bewailes her faint infirmities;  
Resignes her selfe to Gods dispose,  
And with his holy-call doth close;  
God helps it on, with faire directions  
And cheeres it on, with sweet affections:  
The Soule (*thus*) on Godsleasure waits,  
Till, He, to glory, It translates.

God. **A** Rise, my Love, my Dove, most pure and faire,

To come to Me, make haste, thy selfe prepare.

Soule. What sacred voyce is this? blest invitations?

The Candy'd with such sweet loving compellations?

G. His, who creating thee, inspir'd thy life,

Inspiring

*Inspiring it, espous'd thee, as his wife.*

*S. My great Creator, and my glorious King?*

*G. Yea, thy free-lover, whence, thy good doth spring*

*S. I know thee, O my God, that thou art he,*

*Who, fully, freely, firmly, lovest me:*

*Since, for my sake, thy Sonne, thou hast not spar'd*

*To free me, when to hell I was ensnar'd.*

*G. My Sonne I gave, yea, and mine onely Sonne;*

*That thou might'st not, for ever, be undone.*

*S. And what (deare God) shall I repay to thee?*

*G. Nothing, but love for love, which pleaseth me.*

*S. What heart (O Lord) can be so stupid?*

*As, by thy love, not to be mollified?*

*G. That heart, which hides the favours I bestow.*

*S. Lord, what have I, that did not from thee flow?*

*G. Returne me thanks (then) that thou may'st have*

*For, grateful hearts do find my favours store. (more,*

*S. Let my poore prayer (good God ascend to thee,*

*That thy rich grace, may (so) descend on me;*

*For, by thee onely, 'tis, I life retaine,*

*To thee (then) wholly, Me I give againe.*

*G. Thou giv'st thy selfe, to me : tis well. But, where*

*Where are the fruits that thou to me dost beare?*

*S. Alas, O Lord, what fruits can I expresse?*

*As of my selfe, till thou me till and dresse?*

*If, thou vouchsafe upon my heart, thy field,*

*To sow such seeds as may thee good fruit yeild,*

*Thou must (O Lord) by thy blest hand of grace,*

*First, plucke up all my weeds of vices base.*

*G. Thou*

G. Thou say'st most true; But, wilt thou, *willingly*,  
Submit *thy selfe* to *graces-husbandrie*?

S. O, *burne* me, *bruise* me, *breake* me, *heere*, O Lord;  
So, thou (*hereafter*) *mercy* dost afford.

O, let *that hand* that *form'd* me, *me reforme*.

Let it *correct*, (so it to thee *conforme*).

G. Draw neere to *me* (then) and I will *thee* draw;  
And listen to the *lessons* of my *Law*.

S. Speak (Lord) for, I thy *hand-mayd* do thee *heare*,  
And gladly bend my most attentive *care*.

G. Then, first of all, *thou* must wel know and see (*be*).  
Both, *whence thou cam'st*; *what th' art*; *what thou shalt*  
If thou *me* please, *whence* (first) *thou* didst proceed,  
Thou, *now art*, and *shalt be*, most *blest*, indeed.

Thou *wast*, what *now* thou *art not*, and 'twas I  
That gave *thee*, *this*, thy *present-entirety*.

I have *thee* over *others* set and plac'd;  
And *thee* with high *prerogatives* have grac'd.  
*Superiour-things*, for joy; *equal*, for mates;  
*Inferiour things*, to serve *thee* in thy straits.

S. What canst *thou* give unto *me*, for *me*, more,  
If, *thou*, *thy selfe* dost give, tis all rich store.

G. I gave *thy selfe*, to *thee*, when *thou wast nought*,  
I gave *my selfe*, to *thee*, being worse than *ought*.  
I have *my selfe*, for *thee*, at last, reserved,  
That *thou*, in *endlesse-blisse* might'st be preserved.

S. O blessed *mysterie* of most *dimension*!  
O blessed *benefit* of large *extension*!

G. A *mysterie* it is, wherein (indeed)

Thou must of *three things* take especial heed:

1. The *mercie* of thy ever-loving Lord;
  2. The *merit*, which Christ's sufferings do affords
  3. And the *free grace* of Gods most holy Spirit,
- Which, the sweet *Gospell* calls thee to inherit.

1. My *mercie* lov'd thee, ere it thee created,  
And thee from other creatures separated.

2. The *merit* of my Christ did purchase thee,  
When, moved, meerly, by his love most free,  
Thy *miserie* caus'd him the heavens to leave,  
And, for thy sake, such wrongs (here) to receive.

3. The *grace* of my good Spirit thee (then) did call,  
When it did preach and teach thee therewithall,  
It freed thee fully, when thy state it saw,  
And, from souls, bodies, dangers did thee draw.

S. O, that I were of *brinish* tears a spring,  
That I these loves might fully see and sing!

G. Thus, thou hast, briefly, first, seen *what thou wast*,  
Vpon thy present state, thine eyes (next) cast.  
See *what thou art*. Which (this) is first defin'd;  
The *Soule* is the plaine image of the *Minde*;  
The *minde* Gods Image is: But, God's more great  
Than is the *minde*, and has (there) supreme feat.  
The *Minde* (again) is greater than the *Soule*;  
The *soule* doth all the *Bodies* parts controule.  
And; thus (O *soule*) thy dignity is great,  
Adorn'd with diverse ornaments complete:  
(Even princely *priviledges*) which remaine,  
To make thy *lustre* of an higher straine.

On thee is graven the *image* of thy *Maker*,  
Thou art redeem'd with *Christs blood*, and partaker  
Of all he is; espous'd by faith, to him,  
Thy dowrie is his *Spirits* graces trim;  
Invested with his *vertuous righteousness*,  
And made, than glorious *Angels*, little lesse.  
First (then) if any aske, *Whose image* rare  
And *supercription* is this, thou dost weare?  
Well mayst thou answer, tis the *image* right  
Of *supreme Caesar*, soveraigne Lord of light.  
If, yet, they aske thee, how it was defac'd?  
Tell them, by *rust of sinne*, it was disgrac'd.  
How wast repaired? By thy *Saviours blood*.  
How wast espous'd? By *faiths-ring* pure and good.  
How is't endow'd? with influence of *Gods Spirit*.  
How is't adorn'd? with *flowers* of *Christs* due merit.  
How is it plac'd and grac'd with dignity?  
Even, with blest *Angels* in their purity.  
Say, then, good soule, is not this state most blest?  
Yes, sure; unlessse *earth* has thy joy possesse.  
For, who, except he a ranke traitour be?  
Traitour, I say, both unto me and thee,  
Dares be so bold this *image* to put out?  
Since it is *heavenly Caesars*, past all doubt.  
Who shall thy soule make vendible to vice?  
Redeem'd, with such a summe? thou art *blonds price*.  
Who shall, thee, such an amiable *Bride*,  
Vnto thy *heavenly King*, in *wedlocke* tyde  
Once dare to violate or lay least staine?

Since, *thee*, my *specious soule*, I entertaine.  
 Who shall endeavour to eclipse or dim  
 Thy sacred secret *inward-light* most trim,  
 Glistring most gloriously from *heaven* on *thee*?  
 Since tis the *light* of my *blest Spirit*, from *me*.  
 Who shall, once, dare to crop those fragrant *flowers*  
 Of *vigorous-vertues* from our heavenly bowers?  
 Those precious *aromatick-sents* of *grace*?  
 Since th'are thy *beauties*, lent from our *blest face*.  
 Who can divorce *thee* from those *blessed-mates*  
 Promis'd my *Saints*, in their celestially states;  
 Yea, set about *thee* (here) *Till*, to defend thee?  
 Since they are *Angel-troops* that do befriend thee.  
 Thus hast thou seene thy *first* and *present* state:  
 Now, hearken, *what condition* does *thee* waite.  
 Namely, if (here) thou live a *Saint* divine,  
 In *heaven* thou shalt *Angelically* shine.  
 Be, therefore, ever going, growing ever,  
 Faint not in my *paths*, and go backward never:  
 But, to stand still is to go backe in *grace*,  
 For, here's no *medium*, or *abiding-case*.  
 Thou either must go *freely forward* still  
 Or, certainly, thou wilt go backe to ill.  
 In which thy pious *progress* have a care  
 Especially to keepe thy *paths* most faire,  
 By that most holy *grace*, *Humility*;  
 Which, will thee lead with sweet stability.  
 Prate not of thy *proficiencie* at all,  
 Or *growth* in *grace*, lest *pride* do make thee fall.

For,



For, what soere is *done*, 's *undone* againe,  
If *lowlinesse* do it not safe sustaine.

He, therefore, which does *other vertues* get,  
But, does not, with *humility*, them let,  
Doth like to *one* that carries *dust* ith' *winde*  
Whereof, he (*soone*) himselfe doth *empty* finde.

Men, therefore, fitly, call *Humility*  
*Rare vertues* *Queene*; death of *impiety*.

*Faire Virgins* *Mirroure*; and the *mansion* neat,  
Which the *blest Trinity* hath made its *seat*.

Nor can *that* soule be counted *poore* and *bare*  
That shines with *beauteous* beams of *meeknesse* rare.

For, *this* knows well to order its owne *minde*,  
Which, *seldome* I in *rich* and *great men* finde.

And hence it is, that men say, *Poverty*  
In *good mens* *mindes* doth guard *humility*.

In having *which*, they are *farre* richer, *sure*, (cure.  
Than *he* which could the *whole worlds* crowne pro-

S. O, my deare Lord, whereof should I be proud?  
Whose *nature* yeelds not *ought* by thee allow'd.

In *many things*, I my *deficience* know;  
In *nothing* I can least *sufficience* show.

G. Be of good courage (*soule*) for, usually,  
He that most feares his owne *sufficience*,

Best fares in *piety*. For, how should *he*  
Desire *supply*, which no *defect* doth see?

Mine *onely* *grace* which is *sufficient* still  
Is most pure *Balsum*, which from *me* does thrill.

And it requires a *vesself* pure and sound,

And, in *such, onely*, will be sweetly found.  
 I'll (therefore) cleanse the *cisterne* of thy *heart*,  
 And then the *Balsum* of my *grace* impart;  
 Yea, I will leade thee to yet *higher things*,  
 To yet more fluent and more pleasant *springs*,  
 Put forth thy hand, and I will *thee* embrace.  
 Know'st *thou* my *presence* is in *every place*?

*S.* Yes Lord, I know in *every place* thou art,  
 And yet not circumscrib'd to *any part*;  
 I know that *thou* art present *every where*,  
 Yet, neither *place* nor *motion* do *thee* beare.

*G.* And dost thou know I have an *all-seeing-eye*?

*S.* I *know*, *acknowledge* it submissively;  
 And that *thou*, Lord, *revenger* of all *ill*,  
 Dost *eye* and *spie*, *see* and *fore-see* all still.  
 If I should hide *my selfe* in *earth* most deepe,  
 Thy piercing *eye* could *sentinell* (*there*) keepe,  
 If I in *wildernesse* would build my *nest*,  
 Even there should I to *thee* be manifest.

*G.* And dost thou know that I am *judge of all*?

*S.* Most certainly; and that my *Saviour* shall  
 The *whole world* judge with *equity* and *right*,  
 Though *he*, on *earth*, was sentenced, with *spight*.

*G.* O, if thou didst both *know* and *well beleeve*  
 That I thy *God* do *every thing* perceive,  
 Am *present every where*, and must *judge all*,  
 I thinke (*so oft*) on *sinne* thou wouldst not fall.

*S.* We all (O Lord) are very weake and fraile;  
 And I know *none*, so apt, as I, to faile.

*G. By*

G. By *how much* thou thy *state* more fraile dost  
So much the stronger thou shalt daily grow. (know,  
But, tell me now this *one thing*, wouldst thou faine  
Be counted worthy *me* to entertaine?

S. Blessed, thrice blessed is that *soule* most sure,  
That can his *God*, to be his *guest* procure.  
For, *he* can never want a *sure protection*,  
In whom *thou* dwel'st, worthy thy *sweet refection*.

G. Thou shalt be worthy if thou *follow me*;

S. Lord, to the *crosse*, in *Christ*, to purchase *thee*.

G. That blessed *author*, *finisher* of faith,  
Hanging upon the *Crosse*, bequeathed hath,  
In his *last-will* of love and *piety*,  
To divers *sorts*, a severall *legacie*.  
To his *Apostles*, *persecutions* tart,  
Vnto the *Jews* his *corps* and wounded *heart*;  
His *Spirit* into his heavenly *Fathers hands*.  
Vnto the *Virgin*, *Johns* firme *fostering-bands*:  
To the *beleeving-thiefe*, blest *paradise*;  
To *soule-slaying sinners*, *hell*, just pay for *vice*;  
And, to *repentant-Christians*, he set downe,  
A certaine *crosse*, before a *promisd Crowne*.

S. O *Testament* full of pure *charity*!  
From whence I may collect infallibly  
That all the *hope* of mans *salvation* blist  
Doth in *Christs* meritorious *death* consist.

G. And whence thou mayst collect thy *dignity*,  
The *purchase* of a *soule*, a *price* most high;  
Which, at no lower *rate* could ransom'd be,

But by *Christs* blood shed on the *Crosse* for thee,  
Use (then) all care *thy selfe* to watch and ward,  
Vnto thy *latter end* have great regard.

And *this* most holy whole some *sentence* grave  
Be (evermore) sure in thy *minde* to have;

*Whether I sleepe or wake with watchfull eye,*

*Or whatso ere I do, continually*

*Me thinks, that last great Trumpets sound I heare ;*

*Arise ye dead to iudgement (now) appeare.*

S. A sound (O Lord) indeed, most lowd and shrill,  
To *Saints* most glad, to *sinners* sad and ill.

G. And yet (alas, I pittie thy poore case)

*This* shaking sound which should all evill chase;

No sooner is remembred, than forgot,

And, *this*, the *soules* rich worth doth staine and spot.

An *asse* fals in a pit, and is puld out;

But, if a *soule* falls, no man looks about.

*Ev'ry man* does his *bodies* death much feare,

But, *very few* do for the *soules* death care.

And, whence (I pray) does *this* *souls-slaughter* rise?

Because men do *that* precious thing despise,

Which being lost and carelesly neglected,

A *soule* so false cannot be re-erected.

*Nothing* (men say) more precious is than *Time*;

An yet (alas, oh tis a common crime)

*Nothing* is (now a dayes) esteem'd more base,

*Nothing* more slighted than *these* *dayes* of *grace*.

Yet, on *this* *moment*, which men (here) let fly,

Dependeth (most) mans blest *eternity*.

Then

Then let not *Pastimes*, passe the times away,  
But up, be doing good in this thy day.

Correct thy selfe, and then my mercy crave;  
No fault so great, which cannot pardon have.

S. But (O my God) I many things (here) finde,  
By liking which, I staine and soyle my minde.

G. But, he them all, contemnes most easily,  
Which alwaies mindefull is that he must dye.

S. O, but (deare God) I feare I shall dye never.

G. Dye to the world, and live with me for ever.

But, marke this well; unto the world to dye,  
Is, to forsake this world primarily;

Not to be left, by it: for if that men

Begin Repentance, and to leave sinne, then,

When they can sinne no longer, and forsake

The world, when they no more of it can make;

Sinne leaveth them, they doe not leave their sinne,

The world leaves them, ere they this worke begin.

Not to avoyd a danger when thou may'st,

Is, not to have thy hope upon me plac'd;

But 'tis to tempt me rather, wilfully,

Leaving the rule, liking security.

In hope (theretore) feare, fearing take good heed;

Thus, of much danger thou shalt (safe) be freed.

Beare tryals then, and thou shalt comforts have,

No conquest comes, without a battaile brave.

S. Most holy Lord, I all things will forsake,

All tryals I will gladly undertake,

That I (at last) may thee my God possesse,

Who

Then

Who art my *All in All*, in all distresse.  
 For sake *thy-selfe* and then thou shalt *me* finde,  
 Put off all *high-conceits*, all pride of minde.  
 A *Christians prime-Preludium* and best tryall,  
 Is to divorce *himselfe*, by *selfe-denyall*.  
 Thou art not *mine*, if thou preferre *thy will*,  
 Before my *pleasure*, in thy *actions* ill.  
 For, no man, heere, can stand, which, heartily,  
 Will not *himselfe*, for *my-sake*, vilifie.  
 Thou hast within *thee*, from *me*, still to teach thee;  
 Or, *stay* with me, or else *returne* and reach me.  
*When-ere* thou shalt be mov'd or avocated,  
 By *ill-affects*, nay, *defects* instigated,  
 Give me *thy-selfe* (then) and thou shalt me gaine,  
 Love me and thou shalt my *free love* obtaine.

S. Certainly (holy Lord) *he* loves not *truly*,  
 Who loves *nought* with thee, which *thee* loves not  
*Love*, to the *thing-belov'd*, transaminates, (duely,  
 And in its *love*, *it-selfe* (full) fatiates.  
 I wholly leave *my-selfe*, *nought* is in *me*,  
 I, totally being *thine*, will rest in *thee*.  
 And, in my *Saviours* armes I doe desire.  
 My *life* to lead, and sweetly to expire:  
 But yet, I cannot comfortably sleep,  
 Vntill my *Soveraignes* armes me safely keepe.

G. Be comforted (poore *Soule*) thou shalt be sure  
 To be more safe, then, rest thou *heere* secure;  
 A *Christians-crosses* are a *Christians Crowne*  
 And shall obtaine immortall high renowne.  
 Persist, therefore, in this my *Cordiall-love*,

Wherein,

Wherein, if *thou thy-selfe* sincere approve,  
 Thou wilt a thousand *deaths* more soone endure,  
 Than, willfully (by *sin*) my *wrath* procure.  
 Persist (I say) in my religious *fear*,  
 Wherein, if *thou thy-selfe* uprightly beare,  
 Thy *House of Clay* thou shalt well regulate  
 Thy *actions*, thou shalt, wisely, ordinate.  
 Thus, thou shalt sweetly have repose in me,  
 Thou need'st not *fear*, because my *love's* in thee.  
 For, *that soule* (surely) cannot *fear* that *loves*  
 But, *that soule*, whom no love of *me* (once) moves.  
 For, perfect *love* all *servile-fear* casts-out,  
 And fortifies the *soule* from *griefe* and doubt.  
 It brings-forth most *enduring-dignity*,  
 And, fits thee for my *Saints society*.

S. Most holy God, so write *thou* in my *Heart*,  
 By finger of thy *Spirit*, the sacred *Art*  
 Of *memory* of thy *Mellifluous-name*,  
 That *blacke-Oblivion* nere blot out the *same*.  
 Yea, print upon my *soule* and sincere *minde*,  
 And, graven on my *Breast*, let me (still) finde  
 Thy sacred *pleasure*, which, no *chance* or *change*,  
 May violate or from my *thoughts* estrange.  
 Come, *Lord*, come perfect, what thou hast begun,  
 And, *in-mee*, *on-mee*, Thy blest *will* be done.

G. Goe-on, then, with thy gracious *resolution*,  
 Bring all to *holy, happie Executien*;  
 Live, *heere* (as other *Saints*) a little space,  
 Then, thou, in *Heaven* shalt have a *glorious Place*.

The end of the fifth Dialogue.



## The sixth DIALOGUE.

*Betweene the Soule and the City of God.*

The Argument of the sixth Dialogue.

*The Soule being (here) in heav'n suppos'd;  
And in its longed joyes repos'd;  
Gods holy City is brought in,  
Its gracious welcome to begin:  
And to the Soule to demonstrate  
Its most victorious, glorious state.  
The Soule is raviſht with delight,  
At its cœleſtiall ſacred ſight;  
Reproves the worlds fond aberration,  
Neglecting this ſo great Salvation:  
Whereof, it-ſelte (thus) now, poſſeſt,  
Abides in endleſſe Peace and Reſt.*

**A**LL-haile moſt holy City of the Lord;  
What glorious ſights are theſe, thou doſt afford:  
Moſt bleſſed Spouſe of Chriſt, beloved Bride;

What



What amiable *joyes* in thee abide !  
 What sacred *songs*, what *musicke* doe I heare !  
 What heavenly *Hymnes*, with most melodious cheere  
 Doe chant about mine *eares*, in every *street* !  
 What pleasant *fruit-trees* ! O what *Manna* sweet  
 Doe I (here) *see* and *savour*, *touch* and *taste* !  
 In midst of what *sweet pleasures* am I plac'd ?  
 What precious *prizes* are there, *heere*, afforded ?  
 O what most *glorious matters* are recorded  
 Of thee blest *City of our God of love*,  
 And that most justly ? for *all true* I prove !  
 For, in *thee* is (indeed) a *habitation*  
 Of *onely such* as joy with exultation.  
 Even *here* where 'tis more difficult, to say,  
*What is not here*, than, *what is*, to display ;  
 Yea, though mine *eloquence* did all's excell,  
 Yet could I not *its glory* truly tell. (sense,

C. Now then (most welcome *soule*) from *this* blest  
 Thou feel'st and find'st by good experience,  
 That *one day* in *Gods house* is better biding,  
 Than, *elsewhere* are a *thousand dayes* residing.

S. I finde it so (indeed) and *one day*, *here*,  
 Doth an *eternall day* to me appeare ;  
 To which *yesterday* gives any place,  
 Nor any *morrow* makes to end its race.  
 Where *nothing* is that was not (first) *here* flowing,  
 Or, which (already) is not *here*, full growing.  
 So sweet and pleasant is *this lasting light*,  
 So full of rare and ravishing *delight*,

That,

That, if the *soule* could it enjoy no more,  
 Than but *one-houre* and so must give it ore,  
 Even for *this-onely sweet*, the *pleasures* rise  
 And flowing *temp'rall-ioyes* of all *Mans life*,  
 Though ere so many yeeres spent jollily,  
 Ought *all* to be contemn'd most worthily.  
 For, in thy sight (O God) a *thousand yeeres*  
 As *yesterday*, instantly past, appears.

C. But, say (*sweet soule*) what dost thou (*now*) esteeme  
 Of that most *slippery-age*? What dost thou deeme  
 And judge of *those* thy former *dayes* (*now*) past?  
 Those *fleeting-yeeres*, quite spent, and could not last,  
 And which shall *never-retur*ne? What thinkst thou? say,  
 Of that *fast fleeting time*, now, fled away?  
 All that is past thereof, is (*now*) no more,  
 And *all* to come thereof, *none* can restore.  
 What, of *that-day*, whole *morning-houres* are fled?  
 Whose *afternoones* are not recovered.  
 What of *that-houre*, whose *minutes* from thee sliding?  
 For their *remainder*, there was no abiding.  
 Are not *all these*, as if they neere had beene?  
 Compar'd with *this blest state* thou (*now*) art in.  
 For, in *this* most desirable *Land*,  
 No *troubling-toyle* is to be tooke in hand,  
 No *pining pinching-paine* is to be borne  
 No *griefe* whereby the *Heart* is hurt or torne.  
 But, *heer's* the highest *honour* to be had,  
*Heer's* *mutuall-love* to make the *Heart* most glad  
*Heere*, thou by *knowing* perfectly shall see,

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Heere, by *delighting*, thou shalt *loving* be.  
 Heere, by *possessing*, thou shalt ever *praise*,  
 Heere, to thy *God*, be chanting *heavenly-Layes*.  
 Whom, thou shalt *see* to satisfie thy *pleasure*,  
 Whom, thou shalt *have* to fill thy *will*, full-measure,  
 Whom thou shalt to thy *joy*, enjoy for ever,  
 Whom thou to *love* and *land* shalt aye persever.

Where thou shalt *flourish* in *eternity*,  
 Where thou shalt *glister* in pure *verity*;  
 Where thou shalt *shine* in perfect *purity*,  
 Where thou shalt *joy* in sweet *security*;  
 Where thou shalt *finde* endlesse *stability*  
 Of perfect-knowledge rare *facility*.  
 Of sweet-repose and rest a happy *sense*,  
 Of all that may content, the *Quintessence*.

O how can I describe sufficiently,  
 This *Holy-Cities* faire *felicity*?  
 Whose *Citizens* are blessed *Angels* bright,  
 Whose *Temple* is the *Father* of all *Light*;  
 Whose *splendour* is the *Sonne* of *Righteousnesse*.  
 Whose *glorious-love* the *Spirit* doth expresse.

S. O sacred-City, joyes *variety*!

O blessed state of *Saints society*!

C. And, we reciprocally are as glad,  
 Of this thy *fellowship* with us now had,  
 As wee are of our-owne blest *happinesse*.  
 For, thou dost now to sweet a place possesse,  
 Where, *One* soules comfort, comforts all the rest,  
 None, heere, anothers-good doth ill-digest.

But,

But, *each* of us does take as much delight  
In *others blisse*, as in his *proper right*.

S. O then, how happy is my *blessed-state*,  
Whom *such choice mates* doe so associate?  
So many *sacred Citizens* doe meete,  
So *lovely, lovely Saints* so kindly greeete:  
*How sweet* was this *blest Cities* meditation,  
To *me*, when I on *earth* had habitation?  
But, O how *much more sweetness* doe I taste,  
To be *in it, of it*, *belov'd, embrac'd*?  
To contemplate my *soules faire Bridegroom* blest,  
My *soules sweet soule*, my *Prince* of glorious rest.

C. But, come (*faire sister*) give me now thy hand,  
And thou shalt *in me*, see and understand  
Our yet more *sacred sweets*, our *mansions faire*,  
Glistring with *gems and precious stones* most rare.  
I will thee into our *Wine-Cellars* guide,  
Where, *Flagon* full of purest *wine* abide;  
Into our *Refectorie* choicely deckt  
With beauenly *dainties palates* to affect.  
Where neither *longing* doth ingender *paine*,  
Nor *fullnesse* doth least *nauseousnesse* containe.  
Where, neither *he* that *eates* is *over-cloyd*,  
Nor, *what* is *eaten* is not *full-supply'd*.  
Where, *ever over-flowing* *floods* of *pleasure*  
Will cheere thy *soule* in most abundant measure.  
And will thy heavenly *heart* inebriate  
With *love-divine*, yet still most temperate.  
Here run pure *Rivers* of the *wat'r of life*,

Here

Here are faire meads, gardens of pleasures rise,  
Here's augmentation of felicity,  
Glories-encreasings with sure constancie.  
Beds of delight, boards of abundant joy.  
All that may comfort, nothing to annoy.  
Yea, from this mount of savorie spices rare  
Behold, at full, a heavenly mirrour faire,  
And, therein, see Saints glistring splendour bright,  
And all their honour of majesticke might.  
In this faire port of peace is labours rest,  
This creeke of comfort foes cannot infest,  
Here being safty with eternity,  
Contentive joy with full satiety.  
With various noveltie all rare delight,  
And sugred sweetnesse in Gods sacred sight.

S. And, who would not both long and like it best,  
To set downe here his everlasting rest?  
Both for its peace, and for its pleasant light,  
For its eternitie and Gods blest sight.  
In ever knowing God the Fathers power,  
The wisdom of the Sonne, in's heavenly bower;  
The holy Spirits tender clemencie,  
To have full knowledge of the Trinitie.

C. Tis true, (sweet soule) Gods secrets open be,  
There he will befull seene and lov'd of thee.

S. O, blessed-vision, in himselfe seene trim,  
To see God in us, and our selues in him!

C. Yea to see him, who is the light of lights  
The rest and receptacle of delights.

Life of *all living*, seat of *travellers*,  
 The *palme*, the *prize*, the *crowne* of *conquerers*.  
*S. O*, who can *Gods* great *goodnesse* understand,  
 How wondrous are the *works* of his *right hand*?  
*Yesterday* I was in *earths* *darknesse* dimme,  
*To day* in *heavens* *resplendent lustre* trimme.  
*Yesterday* in the roaring *Lyons* power,  
*To day*, ith' *hands* of my *sweet Saviour*.  
*Yesterday*, brought unto the *gates* of *hell*,  
*To day* in *Paradise*, where *joyes* excell.  
*Yesterday* in the *worlds* *circumsfrence* round,  
*To day* in *Abrahams* *bosome* blestly found.  
*O*, that *men* *living* on the *earth* below,  
 Did least part of *celestiall* *joyes* well know!  
 Then, *solely*, *seriously*, all *paines* the'yd take  
 In *holy duties*: no least *losse* they'd make  
 Of *precious time*, which no man can regaine,  
 Nor would so *fruitlessly* their *lives* retaine.  
*Divines* would (then) more study *lives* than *learning*  
 More to *live well* than quaint *disputes* *discerning*.  
 Their *chiefe philosophy* they would it deeme,  
 To know *Christ* and *him crucifi'd* esteeme.  
*Grave Oratours* would not so breake their brains  
 To vent *strong lines*, invent such *lofty strains*,  
 As, *holily* and *heartily* to speake,  
 And, by *good works*, from *gilded words* would break.  
 The *worlds* great *traders* would more piously,  
 Endure and not procure an *injurie*,  
 And count a quiet and *good conscience* best,

Yea farre beyond the greatest gaine possesse.  
Then, *that* intolerable *beast* most wilde,  
I meane, that canker covetice most vilde,  
Would not so rage and rave in *courses* base,  
But, yeeld to *time*, as the fit *time* of grace.  
Yea all of all sorts would so sparke and shine,  
In holinesse of life and gifts divine;  
That, *those two sayings*, at the last great day,  
Should never from their *thoughts* depart away,  
Go, O ye cursed, into fire eternall.  
Come, O ye blessed, to a crowne supernall.  
Oh, *what* can be more harsh, more full of wo?  
Than (then) to heare *that bitter saying*, go.  
But, *what* can better (then) pronounced be?  
Than, *that blest invitation* is? Come ye.  
Two sentences, than *one* of which, *none* sadder,  
And, than the *other*, *none* was (ere) heard gladder.  
Oh, if men would *these* throughly ruminare,  
Then, they more soundly would recogitate  
And thinke upon the *last and dreadfull day*;  
As *that*, on *which*, they must resolve to clay.  
Yea, *they* the judgement-day would duely tender,  
As *that*, on *which*, they must a reck'ning render.  
Then would they mule and meditate on *hell*,  
As on *that lake* where woe and horror dwell.  
And thinke on *heaven*, as on a glorious place,  
And *kingdome* of incomparable grace.  
Their *time*, yet left, to *heaven* they'd consecrate,  
Their *lampe*, yet light, aloft they'd elevate.

Yet

H a

No

No day without a line, no line should be

Without a guiding-rule to sanctitie.

No smallest sand out of the houre-glasse,

Without (at least) one trickling teare should passe.

They, nothing, not time-present, would count theirs,

Whole onely minute, all their due appeares.

The morning they would make dayes inchoation,

The evening, that dayes due examination.

• Their bodies from their beds they soone would raise,

Their drowfie sleepe they'd shun without delays:

Their candle lighted, they betimes would pray,

And, give their God the first-fruits of the day.

Then, they would boldly looke death in the face,

Yea, gladly they'd invite his hastie pace;

And, being wholly dead to earths false joy,

They best would live, while they seem'd life to'troy

By dying, so, they death would deadly wound,

And, by Deaths death, their life would best be found.

Thus, they would not count death a pang or paine,

But, rest from sorrow and their greatest gaine.

Thus, earth disdain'd and heav'n obtain'd, all blest,

They would approach the haven of endlesse rest.

But, worldlings (alwayes) finde by prooffe most bad

Whiles they breathe out this sentence lowre and sad

(O death, how bitter is the thought of thee!

To those that earthly peace, with wealth, do see?)

That unto whom the world's a blandishment.

To them it brings, from heaven, a banishment.

For, two most distant loves do men (still) make

Of



*The last Trumpet.*

101

Of *two* most distant *Cities* to partake;  
The *love* of *God*; *Ierusalem* erects,  
The *love* of *earth*, proud *Babylon* protects.  
The *place* of *peace*, *Ierusalem* is nam'd,  
*Babylon* is *Seditions* seat proclaim'd.  
But, *they* shall nere in *Peaces-city* dwell  
Which *love* not *peace*, but like *confusion* well.  
O, then that *men* on *earth* *these things* would minde,  
They (even on *earth*) an *heavenly life* would finde.  
G, Thou dost (indeed) most sweetly meditate,  
*Things* well befitting *soules* in *heavenly state*;  
For, if *men* did *these things*, more seriously,  
Discusse and scan, and to *themselves* apply,  
*They*, to the *world*, would (sure) more *strangers* be,  
And cleave to *God* in neerer *amitie*.  
But, *we* must joy in *Gods* revealed will;  
Rejoyce in *Converts* comming to *us*, still;  
Pray the approach of all *terrestriall Saints*  
Who, *this our Cities* ruine and *restraints*  
Must *restaurate* and full *re-edifie*,  
And make complete to all *eternity*.  
Meane while (*sweet soule*, beloved, *lovely mate*)  
Come *thou* to *us*, with *us* *cohabitate*,  
Blest in *thy selfe*, gratefull to *us* all blest,  
Most blessed in this blessed *state of rest*,  
Come let *us* (now) with *interchang'd embraces*  
With *mutuall joy*, *new songs*, go take our *places*  
In *Gods* most admirable *Tabernacle*,  
All *sacred Saints* most holy *habitable*.

Now

*Now, thy (once) Ministers become thy mates;  
Now, 'mongst the lillies in most lovely states,  
'Mongst troops of glorious Angels shining bright  
Thy lustre (now) may glister, full of light.*

*Yea, now, thou mayst lye downe on beds of roses  
Amongst Gods lovely lambes in sweet reposes.*

*Come, come (I say) be now exceeding glad,  
That thou art with celestiall beauty clad;*

*Joy, in enjoying endlesse joy and peace,  
In Gods blest presence, which can never cease.*

*S. O, most mellifluous sweetnesse most admird!*

*O, heavenly honey pleasures most desir'd!*

*How sweet thou art in serious meditation!*

*How farre more sweet in thy due declaration!*

*How much more sweet to view and contemplate!*

*How most transcendent sweet in blest estate!*

*'Tis not in all I am to set thee forth,*

*'Tis past my power to blaze thy blessed worth.*

*But, tis enough for me that I possesse thee,*

*That being in thee blest, I, thus, do blesse thee.*

*That I aloud, his land and praise may sing,*

*That plac'd and grac'd me here, heav'ns glorious King;*

*To whom, with Jesus Christ and his blest Spirit*

*Who doth all power and praises, wholly, merit,*

*Even, heavens ineffable Trine-unity,*

*Be Hallelujahs sung eternally.*

*Amen.*

**Ephel.**

Ephel. 5. 14.

Arise, *thou* that sleepest, and stand up from the dead, and *Christ* shall give thee light.

*Bernard.*

An account must be given of all the *time lent* unto us, how it hath beene *spent* by us.

*Aug. upon Psal. 36.*

My brethren, if ye are perswaded that we shall enjoy any *such things*, in *that countrey*, whereunto the *celestiall-silver trumpet* incites and summons us : and for their sakes ye are willing to abstaine from *things present*, that *there* ye may receive those *future comforts* more copiously : Do, then, as *those men*, who being invited to a great *feast*, keepe their stomachs empty, and are content to *abstaine*, that their *appetites* may *attaine* an (even) *insatiate satisfaction*.

FINIS.